

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series,
Volume VII. }

No. 2918— June 9, 1900.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXXV.

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
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THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

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SEVENTH SERIES.
Volume VII.

NO. 2918. JUNE 9, 1900.

FROM BEGINNING.
Vol. CCXXV.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PAUPER CHILD.*

While we have "studies" enough of the children of the well-to-do classes to furnish an entire library, the observations which have been made on those of the very poor are few and incomplete. The idea has been, perhaps, that the psychological element is entirely paramount to the social, and that all infants, by virtue of being such, may be included in the same category. The fact is that we are, unconsciously, prone to regard the circumstances amid which we habitually live as typical of all circumstances whatsoever; and it requires a great imaginative effort on our part to realize the different psychological results produced by those differences in social condition and environment which affect the whole tissue of daily life down to its minutest particulars. Yet the study of the children of the poor is especially interesting from the psychological, no less than from the social, point of view.

During the last two years I have been a frequent visitor at a free kindergarten, or so-called family school, whose pupils comprise the youngest of the children attending our elementary schools; and I have thus been able to watch a good many of these little people closely and continuously, engage their confidence and observe their actions.

*Translated for The Living Age.

In this *milieu* of the family school, a place, as its name implies, designed rather more for amusement than for instruction, where the children play or work as they like, and are very kindly treated, I had an excellent opportunity to see them under various aspects, and wholly unconstrained; the rather because they only need a very little encouragement to give you their entire confidence.

One of the things in these little ones that struck me most, as compared with the children of the moneyed classes, whose naturally selfish impulses are veiled by an engaging affability and the charm of refined and affectionate manners, was to behold, shorn of all disguise, the primal instinct of self-preservation. Unconsciously these babies are dominated by one single motive—to keep themselves alive by eating and drinking. Desires, affections, inclinations, faculties—all are sharpened for one purpose, concentrated on one aim: that of getting something to fill the perpetual void in their little stomachs.

I questioned about fifty of the very smallest children, who could not read and had as yet received no moral instruction, as to the state of their affections. "Whom do you love best?" "My mamma and my papa." "Why?" "Because

they earn money to support me;" or, "Because they get money to buy me food;" or, yet again, "I love my mamma because she can make broth," or "polenta" (that is, Indian-meal mush or "hasty pudding"); or, "because she goes out and buys things for me to eat." "Well, and whom do you love next best?" "Giovanni!" (a brother). "And why is that?" "Because he always gives me a sweet cake on Sundays." Another informed me that a friend is one who gives you things. Their idea of affection is something profitable. One small boy carefully explained that the reason why he loved his sister was because when she had anything she always gave him half. When I varied the inquiry by asking, "What was the very best time you ever had?" It was still the stomach that replied: "Carnival, because I had cakes!" or, "'Twas when my sister was married, because we had such a good supper!" or, "When I went to the house where they had grapes," while a fourth replied, "Easter, because I got a chocolate egg."

When I asked them what they liked best to eat, one baby gave me an answer which comprised a whole system of philosophy, "Broth!" "Why so?" "Because I always have it!" One small thing cherished a delightful recollection of the hospital where he had had an operation for rickets, because he had such good things to eat there. And two brothers of eight and nine confided to me that what they liked best was to go roaming about and looking in at the shop windows. "What kind of shops?" "In the bakers', because there are such nice little loaves in them!"

The more insight one gets into the pitiful desires of these small beings, the more one is cut to the heart. I tried them with the question: "What would you do if you had a great deal of money?" A good many answered,

promptly, "I'd buy me a pair of shoes," or "a hat." Others aim as high as an entire suit of clothes, and one cherished the wild ambition of having a ride in the tramway. Another said he'd have a "frittata," and another, "If I had any money, I'd save it all up till next Saints' day, and then I'd have a corn-cake!"

All the desires of the small proletariat cluster round bread, broth and "things" (*roba*). They are very fond of any one who will give them things. Their highest ambition is to have broth and a "frittata;" their fondest memory, that of a full meal. To such a point are the highest faculties of the soul—those of desire and affection—reduced by the pressure of want; to an almost brutal form of the instinct of self-preservation!

I shall not attempt to rehearse all the thousand and one little incidents—trifling in themselves—which go to show the crushing weight of the yoke which misery lays upon these little souls. Occasionally I would distribute small pieces of paper among them, telling them to draw whatever came into their head, and promising a biscuit to the one who should make the best drawing. This was one of their favorite amusements, one which has provided me with an immense collection of little men in military caps with a pipe in the mouth and houses with smoke coming from the chimney. But there was one infant who, instead of drawing anything, undertook to produce—guess what?—a whole page of *writing*. Unless you had seen him, pale, silent and respectful, standing with his hands in the "second position," you never would have guessed what idea or motive he had in this performance. It appeared that he thought that by voluntarily undertaking a *corvée*—doing a disagreeable thing, like writing a whole page, instead of a diverting

and interesting thing, like drawing a picture—he would win especial favor in my eyes, and a prescriptive right to the alimentary reward promised to the best artist! On no account would this same little fellow shake hands with me familiarly, as I had told the children to do; he invariably made me, instead, a military salute, as though the thought running in his little head were this: "Of course she will like me best because I am the most humble and respectful!" The evening after he had done his page of writing, he came, furtively, to my house, on the pretext of giving me another look at his work, and, drawing me aside, he muttered, "My mother says that if anybody gives me two or three soldi, we will pray for him!" Seldom have I been so sickened and moved to pity at the same time as by this voluntary abasement of a human creature. The mark of eternal misery seemed branded upon the child's brow!

This is why I am fain to confess that I always feel a secret partiality for the infants whom their teachers call insolent and rebellious. When I reflect on the conditions in which they live, and on the cringing and submissive spirit which is so common among them, and so natural a result of their own feeling of degradation, the children who still display some personal pride and power of resistance awaken my warm sympathy and admiration. Our own well-fed and well-dressed babies can get, at a very cheap rate, the luxuries of independence and generosity, and give amusing and impertinent answers without reproof. But those pauper children, who are impelled from the very beginning to little acts of rebellion, give proof of extraordinarily high spirit and great force of character. I knew a little boy of nine, Barge by name, who was like the one sheaf that stood upright when all the rest fell prostrate. He was one of the most

indigent; his mother was dead, his father an old vagabond who some days gave him food, and some days none; but for all his empty stomach Barge was as proud as Sardanapalus. He had no scruples about exchanging the obsequious bow for the confidential "hand-shake," and while the other children, with that soupçon of craft and prudence so eminently characteristic of many of them, were content to reserve the more unceremonious greeting for me alone, he wanted to extend it to the masters, the directors and the visitors generally!

He had an unaffected sentiment of personal dignity, and while the other children were apparently not ashamed to go ragged and dirty, he always tried to hold himself together. He would sew up the rents in his clothes himself; had appropriated a sort of red rag which he wore as a necktie; there was a whiff of pomade about his hair, and, his hands, his neck, and even his ears, were scrubbed scrupulously clean. He had a positive mania for learning,—studying, acquiring something; an enthusiasm sufficiently rare in any child, how much rarer in a child of the poor? His little companions always talked dialect at home, and did not like to speak pure Italian, which fatigued them as it fatigues us to talk a foreign language. But not so Barge! He persisted in speaking Italian, and a queer kind of Italian it was; embellished with all sorts of high-flown words and extravagant expressions, which he had fished out of some book or other. He was perpetually coming to me to ask the meaning of some new word which he had heard. He was wild to read everything that came in his way, even little fragments of newspapers. From the small map in his geography he had learned, of his own accord, the names of capital cities, rivers and mountains; and he would come rushing to me across the courtyard of the school

shouting, "Now, let's talk about something!" The highest ambition of most of the boys was to become cobblers or whitewashers with no more school to go to. Little Barge was the only one who had obtained a glimpse, through I know not what loop-hole, of the higher intellectual life. He insisted that he would go to school and be a doctor, and not only a doctor, but a professor, and no such professor either as "our schoolmaster" was, he remarked, with a disdainful glance, but one who taught teachers! And he added, with the frank condescension of a nobleman, "Our school is a very good institution, don't you know? I suppose it's the great gentlemen who pay for it. Well, when I'm a great gentleman I shall give money to our school."

One day a lady visitor brought to the school a big package of biscuits for the children, but when we began to distribute them it became evident that there were not biscuits enough to go round. One child would have to come short. "Now, which of you," said I, "is ready to give up his biscuit?" And Barge was the first to offer to mortify his gluttony, though he was among the worst fed of all. Yet he did not do it in any spirit of self-sacrifice, but rather for the satisfaction of doing what the others could not do, and by way of convincing himself that he was not dying of hunger! Yet, any one who had seen those hundred eyes greedily fixed upon the package of cakes, would have understood what self-conquest on the part of a child of nine, what a mastery of low but most imperious instincts, was implied in that simple renunciation of a biscuit! The same spirit of independence rendered it exceedingly difficult for him to keep still in school. His intolerance of discipline and total want of respect for any person or thing that did not please him impelled him rather to an open defiance of his teacher. If

the latter made a statement or offered an explanation, Barge would spring up and ask me, in accents of mockery and with a most impertinent air, if that was true! He was capable alike of letting a pen drop a hundred times for the sake of getting a little relief from the oppression of silence and immobility, and of standing motionless in the schoolyard throughout his entire recess, because he happened to be absorbed in a book. Yet, when he did join in the sports of the playground, he became a perfect little demon. He expected to take the lead, and exacted a prompt obedience to his orders; in short, he was a raging cataract. During the school vacation I was told that there had been a violent scene between him and the teacher; that Barge had said: "What are your orders to me?" and had spat on the floor! He was turned out of the school, of course, and one day I met him in the street. He made me a bow, and asked, with an air of patronage, for news of the school.

"I hear," said he, "that they are getting on very well."

"Look here," said I, "you must ask the teacher's pardon, and get him to take you back."

"That is my affair," he answered, with a curtness and decision that absolutely admitted of no reply, and added, "He and I understand one another!"

One meets at times, also, among these children of the poorest, with traits not due to pride, but to a refinement of spirit, which is both wonderful and affecting when we reflect that it cannot have been instilled by education, but springs from the native goodness of the infant soul. For example, Miss C., head-mistress in one of our schools, told me the following story:—

Having observed, in one of the classes, a little boy of eight, whose feet were bursting out of his shoes, she got him a new pair from the school-board, and he was summoned to the gen-

eral office to receive them. Rosy with delight, he tried his best to thank her properly, but could only repeat over and over again in his queer semi-Italian *argot*:—"Yes, miss! You're a good teacher, you are! You're not a bit like that woman at the tobacco-shop, that my mother says ought to have her head cut off!" The mistress was so moved by his artless gratitude that she gave him two soldi before sending him away. The next day the child came stamping into the office, in high glee, with a small packet in his hand. "Please, Miss Teacher, my mother sends you this with her respects." On opening the packet the mistress discovered four seed-cakes of the kind that are given to canaries! A few days later, the boy's mother came to thank her for the shoes, and the mistress, on her part, thanked the woman for her kind thought in sending her the cakes. "What cakes?" inquired the poor woman, quite bewildered; and the child, on being questioned, confessed, with deep blushes, that he had bought them himself with the two soldi the teacher had given him. It seemed to him a more appropriate testimonial than a flower, or an image, or anything else he might have got for two soldi, because cakes being what he liked best himself, he thought they would be most pleasing to the lady. With a curious mixture of delicacy and simplicity, he had also decided that it would be better for the gift to come from a more important person than himself, and so he had offered it in his mother's name. He had said nothing to her about it, perhaps from a vague fear of being thwarted in his purpose; but he had, at least, renounced in her favor the pleasure and glory of the initiative, that it might seem as though it were she who had discharged what he regarded as a debt of honor.

Another noteworthy thing about the children of the very poor is their philo-

sophical view of life. Family life, for a good many of them, is anything but easy and pleasant; they are abused, beaten, and often wholly neglected, but they make no complaint. They take it as a matter of course. I one day asked the children what they thought the very worst thing a man could do, and some, with a reminiscence of the school reader, answered, "To tell lies!" But others, with greater sincerity, replied, "To get drunk!" and they knew only too well what they were saying. The reasons they gave were: "Because when a man is drunk he beats everybody, and is very bad, and doesn't know what he is doing;" or, "Because he takes all the soldi and doesn't leave any money at all at home." "But have you ever seen any one drunk?" It was with a certain hesitation always that they confessed to having seen their fathers so. One baby, when asked whom he loved best, replied:

"My mother, because she never beats me."

"Does your father beat you?"

"Oh yes!"

"Perhaps it is when you are a naughty boy."

"No, it's when he's drunk."

They told me the facts quite simply, offering no comment. They seemed all to have an idea that the mere burden of their support was such a heavy one that their parents had, of course, to indemnify themselves now and then by a little abuse. I have never yet heard a child, however cruelly he might have been used, lay anything like blame upon his parents.

I was witness in my own person to the following characteristic incident: One day there came to visit the school a gentleman who always brought presents of some sort for the children. A few minutes after his arrival a little urchin came up to me and informed me with a mysterious air that one of his class-

mates had been bitten by a mad dog. We called up the child, who immediately burst out crying, and actually showed us, upon his little arm, the marks of a recent bite. Upon being questioned, however, he gave rather vague answers. He did not remember whether the dog was little or big; and he contradicted himself by informing us, first, that he had been bitten on his way home, and then, on his way back to school. The master proposed taking him to a hospital, and did so; but returned in about half an hour, and, taking me aside, informed me that it was not a dog which had bitten the child. He had thought it best to take him first to his mother, who kept a vegetable stand, and inform her of what had happened; but when he mentioned this the infant began to cry again and refused to go. He said his mother would scold him, and he would rather have his arm burned. The teacher, however, suspecting nothing, insisted on going first to his mother, who, supposing that he was brought home for having been in mischief of some kind, began at once to rate him sharply, and threaten him. The master then told her that her child had been bitten by a dog, and proceeded to show her his arm; whereupon the woman turned furiously upon him, telling him to mind his own business; that the child was hers and she would punish him as she thought fit. It finally came out that it was the mother herself who had bitten the child, beside giving him a whipping, because he had stolen some pastry out of a closet! But the boy would certainly never have mentioned it had he not seen in the visitor's packet of caramels a hopeful chance of getting some profit out of his pain, and, as it were, indemnifying himself therefor.

The habitual reserve of children about the abuse they suffer from their parents is, however, the more remark-

able because they are often ungenerously ready to tell upon comrades who have chastised them.

But the most marvellous thing of all about these poor little creatures is their cleverness and quickness of observation, their perfect understanding of the practical side of life. Intellectually, they are inferior to the children of the rich. They are less teachable, less reasonable, less capable of attention. They have none of that wonderful intuition concerning the force of terms which our children display, who take in the meaning of words with the very air they breathe. They are ignorant of all nomenclature; they have no notion how to work out a problem, and they express themselves in strange language. How, indeed, should they be able to construct a sentence, when they do not even know Italian? But in all that pertains to practical management, in all that depends upon simple common-sense, they are extraordinarily apt. There is not one of them who cannot tell you the price of the common articles of food; salt, *pasta*, rice, beans; hardly one who cannot lay out a few pence with judgment, as well as kindle a fire, prepare broth or mush, cook a meal, sweep a room, make up a bed, and sew up the rents in a garment. It is a pleasant thing to see how eager they generally are to be useful, and to lighten the burden laid upon their parents of their own support, as if they actually kept account of every mouthful that they consumed. They like to be employed in all sorts of ways. In the winter the older children sweep away the snow. On holidays, and sometimes even when school keeps, in spring, they delight to go off into the fields for leaves wherewith to make salads, or edible roots. There was one boy of eleven in the school who used, three times a week, to get up before daylight and drag to the market and bring back laden the cart of a vegetable

woman. He got ten soldi every time, yet it was not a task imposed upon him by his parents, but one performed purely for his own satisfaction. The eight-year-old sister of one of the pupils, distressed by the straits of the big family at home, went of her own accord and offered herself as messenger to a stationer, who had a shop near the school. He engaged her, and she discharged her duties admirably. But the employment most in favor among the little ones is, oddly enough, that of church chores and general sanctimony! In every parish there are a good many chapels and oratories, and classes in the catechism and the "doctrines," where every attendant receives a mark, and according to the number of marks he can show at the end of the season the child gets a garment, a pair of shoes, or a small sum of money. One little boy told me that he went in one Sunday to two masses, one at five o'clock in the morning, and one at nine, to a catechising, a benediction and two sermons; and it appeared that every one of these functions represented a small emolument either in money or in kind. The parish of St. Anna, for instance, gives to each of these little devotees a pair of shoes on their first communion. The oratory of Don Bosco rewards an assiduous attendant with a hat or a garment of some sort; the English ladies who give instruction in the catechism also give rewards and recommendations to the general charitable association.

But, after all, what the children really like best, as a rule, is to be useful at home. One boy of six used to be called from play by his mother to tend the baby sister, not yet weaned; and he could give the infant its drink and even prepare its food, lighting the fire himself over which to heat the milk for the porridge. It was this same little boy who told me one day, with an air of pride, that he knew what he was

going to give his mother for a present on her birthday. "I'm going to give her some *endurmia* powders" (a narcotic probably containing opium) "for my little sister!" And when I suggested that such powders were not good for babies, he replied, with the air of an old and experienced wet-nurse, "But when she screams so at night we have to do something!"

On another occasion, going to inquire for a small boy who had been absent from school for some days, I found him in bed with measles, and two younger children with him, all three patients being under the care of a sister of nine. The father was in prison, and the mother, who worked all day in a factory, could only come back for a few minutes at noon to nurse her youngest child. During all the rest of the day the nine-year-old sister looked after the infant, hushing it and preparing its pap. But what was positively terrifying was to see the freedom with which the small nurse handled the *campana*, as they call it, that is, the *scaldino*, filled with hot coals, which she thrust in between the straw mattress and the bed-clothes, at the constant risk of setting fire to the whole establishment. This little girl could neither read nor write, having been only five or six months at school. She had begun to go three years before, but had to be kept at home to play nurse to a younger sister; and only a few months after this one was old enough to be received at an infant asylum there was another for whom she had to perform the same service.

"I have to take care of myself and the others, too," said this child to me. "*I can't ever be married, because there are so many babies here!*" Strange words, indeed, to fall from the same childish lips which presently confessed that she hardly ever went down into the court "*for fear of wanting to play!*"

The spur of necessity has so trained

and fitted these little ones for the requirements of practical life that not merely are they able, from their tenderest years, to discharge important home duties, such as our children cannot even conceive of, but they develop a certain business capacity and the power of conducting negotiations of some magnitude. One boy of eight had the entire charge of a boy of six; taught him all he knew, took him to school, to church, and even to the hospital to consult a doctor. There are very few of them who are not capable, at the age of eight or nine, of arranging to have their own names put upon the school or parish registers, obtaining certificates of poverty, or qualifying as candidates for the so-called Alpine Colonies.

A single illustration will show how very remarkably the spirit of initiative and of practicality is often developed in these children. There came to the school a half idiotic boy, residing with some distant relatives, who beat him cruelly, and who used, as was afterwards ascertained, to thrust him out of doors at five o'clock in the winter mornings, before it was light. The child was so utterly stupefied by hunger and ill-treatment that he did not even know enough to complain. His condition was inconceivably miserable. His face was dirty, his hands purple and swollen with chilblains, and he used to sit hugging his books and obstinately refusing to take off his hat and muffler, as though he could never get thoroughly warm even in a genial atmosphere, or indemnify himself for what he had suffered outside. His people must have been extremely brutal, for his fear of them overcame even his dread of the cold, and he was once reduced to sleeping three nights on a bench in the open air in mid-January rather than go back to the house. All this we ascertained, not from himself, but from another child who lived

near him; for there was great excitement and sympathy on his behalf among the poor neighbors, both old and young. The child was invited to eat and sleep with them, and for six or eight days poor Testa was handed about from house to house to his own infinite satisfaction without his hard relatives' asserting any claim to him. Meanwhile the school superintendent had set on foot arrangements for having him received into an institute; but the proceedings dragged, as usual, and the poor families who had come forward so generously, and who were already heavily burdened with their own offspring, found themselves unequal to the extra charge. The poor little waif had been for three days a guest in the house of a classmate named Calla. The latter was a lying, bragging little varlet of nine, but very active and capable, and he devised the following plan. When the three days were over, he resolved that Testa must not fall again into the clutches of his relatives, and undertook, on his own account, to provide the child with a safe refuge. In the morning, instead of going to school, he picked up Testa, with some show of petulance, and boldly bore him off to the City Hall. Arrived at his destination he knew not which way to turn or what staircase to take; but all undiscouraged he made for the first open door, told his story and demanded that something should be done for the child's protection.

A few passers-by stopped to see what was going on, and presently a group had collected about the strange pair, while Calla, perceiving the interest he had excited, exerted all his eloquence to describe the piteous condition of his comrade, until a gentleman, who was also a magistrate (it sounds like a novel, but is perfectly authentic), offered to go with the two children to a session of the Board of Inquiry, where Calla gave all the information necessary for

instituting proceedings to have Testa immediately placed in an asylum for derelict children. The thing made some noise and got into the papers, which so turned the head of the small hero that for a week afterward he came to school with his garments fairly stuffed with bits of newspaper recounting his glorious deed; and really, when he planted himself before me, with hands thrust into his pockets in the most impudent fashion, but glowing with exultation over the triumphant success of his good deed, I could but think what courage and dash and what a noble spirit of enterprise may sometimes lurk in these little dunderheads, who never get a good mark in their studies, but who, driven by the spur of necessity, have come to understand life as some of the most diligent pupils in our lycées never do.

Nuova Antologia.

Is it not a curious indication of the spirit of the times that we encounter in an infant-school, whose pupils might be supposed to be defended by the mere fact of their tender age from the extreme contrasts of fortune, the phantom of the "social question" in one of its most distressing forms?

And when we come to study this little world, doomed to a childhood of misery which can only be followed by a lifetime of suffering, subjection and passive toll, and find there so many germs of enterprise, independence, courage—all that most dignifies humanity—we find ourselves moved, not merely to compassion for the victims of a blind destiny, but to a kind of remorse that such a mass of precious energy should be wasted and made void by the vicious constitution of our society.

Paola Lombroso.

A PERMANENT SHAKESPEAREAN THEATRE.

Those who still believe that the English drama has a future have had their faith sorely tried during the last few years. Many who had clung to a hope of its eventual re-birth have sadly accepted the view that, like Paula Tanageray, it has only a past. No more than a sanguine few continue to rank the theatre as a possible intellectual recreation. Never has so much been spent on gorgeous scenery and upholstery; never was there less of the real stuff of drama. Pinchbeck romance, ineffective frock-coat melodrama, imbecile farce—this is the usual fare that managers are content to offer. Even the patient playgoing public, that has borne so much, is beginning to turn away in bored impatience. Even the big battalions of Mr. Alexander's and

Mr. Martin Harvey's admirers demand something better than "Rupert of Hentzau" and a whitewashed, milk-and-water Don Juan. Yet, even in these bad times, there is a germ of possible emancipation from the tyranny of the actor manager, from the burden of belief in money as the one thing to be sought after, and (more foolish still) the one thing that can bring success to a play. The proverb tells us, disregarding natural phenomena, that the darkest hour comes before the dawn. Experience translates this into meaning that, the darker the night the more we prize any little gleam which seems to promise day. And even the obscurity that hides the drama has been broken by a ray of light which may give us hope once more.

Things at the worst will cease or else climb upward.

We must have seen the worst—"the worst of all worst worsts"—and we cannot think of the drama ceasing. Therefore we naturally look for signs of an upward movement. And a sign we have in a very unlikely quarter.

When Mr. Benson announced his season at the Lyceum Theatre, the critics shrugged their shoulders, the public remained more than usual calm. Mr. Benson had very worthy aims; we all knew that, but—and then the negatives had it all their own way. "He was not a good actor himself; he had a company of merely provincial players; he could not possibly stage eight plays even respectably; his rough-and-ready methods were all very well for the country, but the London playgoer, trained to expect 'sumptuous' revivals, would find them sadly inadequate." Yet, see what has happened. In spite of the great difficulties which must hamper a season of this kind—the difficulty of getting the public to know that it is going on, the difficulty of having each week's play ready in time, the difficulty of transplanting players and properties from small country stages into one of the largest theatres in London; in spite of prejudice, in spite of admitted defects in casting some of the principal characters, the venture has been both a material and, on the whole, an artistic success. It was a pity to begin with "Henry the Fifth." It is one of the least interesting of Mr. Benson's own personal performances, and, by leaving out the chorus and ruthlessly cutting the text, he both annoyed the Shakespearean scholar and made it hard for those who did not know the play to follow the action at all. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would have opened the series far more favorably. It was not so much like an Empire ballet as Mr. Tree's, but, after

all, the poetry counts for something. Mr. Benson's production was far more poetical and daintily fantastic than the other, and, though the scenery at Her Majesty's is of marvellous beauty, yet the imaginative mind can dispense with a very elaborate mounting. "Hamlet," in its entirety, was an experiment well worth making. For human nature's daily food—especially for workaday human nature—the ordinary acting version is sufficient. But it is certainly a help to the understanding of the play to see it acted once without "cuts." Mr. Benson's "Hamlet," too, is a sound and consistent reading, never inspired, but always intelligent and interesting. "Richard II" touched a higher level still. Personally, I should feel grateful to Mr. Benson if this were the only good thing he had done, which is by no means the case. "Twelfth Night" and "Antony and Cleopatra" lowered the average a little, though each had points of interest, in spite of the fact that the leading parts were not well played. "The Tempest" suffered to some extent from a like cause, but it is a great thing to have a chance of seeing a play that is so very seldom acted. As for "The Rivals," it was not taken in the right spirit of irresponsible fun, but stage management could soon infuse into it the kind of bubbling, boyish humor in which Sheridan wrote at twenty-four. This was the tale of productions originally announced.

Here we have seven plays of Shakespeare nearly all adequately played, all adequately mounted, all stage-managed with care and with a not too common reverence for what we believe to have been the poet's aim. Mr. Benson is full of resource, and has a good eye for effect. He also produces the plays because he has a sincere admiration for Shakespeare. We see, in many ways, the difference between his methods and those of the actors-managers who pro-

duce them because of their sincere admiration for—themselves. The scenery and fittings at the Lyceum do all that is necessary—they supply a suitable background for the actors. In the theatre, as it exists for commercial purposes, we must have a certain amount of “setting.” Mr. Poel and the Elizabethan Stage Society may do without the aid of scene-painter and stage-carpenter. But there is no reason why the ordinary theatre should do so any more than it should have women’s parts taken by boys—a height of archaism to which even Mr. Poel only rises now and again. The main thing is that the acting shall be fairly good. More than this we cannot at present reasonably expect. An adequate rendering is all we must look for. I have heard several people say, “Oh, I don’t care to go and see Shakespeare unless the acting is really very good.” But we have so little “really very good acting” that most playgoers scarcely know what they mean by the phrase. They mean merely, as a rule, that no one can act well whose name is not well known to them. Most people who really care for the drama can forgive deficiencies so long as there is an evident striving after right methods and a fair average of merit. This is just what we get from Mr. Benson’s company. With a few actors of tried excellence (that famous comedian, Mr. Welr, for example, and others like Mr. Rodney, Mr. Brydone and Mr. Asche) and with some very promising younger material, it can cast play after play sufficiently well to give capital all-round performances.

The result is that many people are wondering why it should be only for a few weeks that London can afford to enjoy the luxury of a repertory theatre. It is true we have, some of us, been wondering on this subject ever since we can remember. But whenever we have ventured to express our surprise, the practical person has at once put us

down. His objections have been so many, and have been expressed, as is the way with practical persons, in so loud a voice, that we have gradually come to think that in the greatest city in the world there is no chance at all for artistic enterprise. Every time we visit a Continental capital, even a small Continental town, we feel a prick of amazement and regret, but the practical person is generally not far off, and we have to be content with his pronouncement in a hard tone of absolute finality that “this sort of thing wouldn’t pay in London.” Well, this is the question I want to argue with the practical person. As to the desirability of “organizing the theatre,” I take that to be admitted. No one whose opinion has been formed by knowledge of the conditions of drama has even contended that long runs, costly mounting, which makes long runs necessary, nervous endeavor to meet every momentary change of mood on the public’s part, are healthy conditions. Even if this were not so, there are plenty of theatres which will continue on the present lines. Can we not try, at least, one theatre of the other kind?

It is no new idea, this plea for a trial of the plan which experience abroad shows to be, beyond all question, the best so far as the drama and the art of acting are concerned. Every one who has cared for the theatre has had some such notion in his head. What did Matthew Arnold say? “Form a company out of the materials ready to your hand in your many good actors, or actors of promise. Give them a theatre in the West End. Let them have a grant from your Science and Art Department . . . Let the conditions of the grant be that a repertory is agreed upon, taken out of the works of Shakespeare and out of the volumes of the ‘Modern British Drama,’ and that pieces from this repertory are played a certain number of . . . in each sea-

son; as to new pieces, let your company use its discretion." For the present we had better leave out both the demand for a grant and also the suggestion that new pieces should be produced. If we can get a repertory theatre on classical lines, the theatre we all hope for, which shall concern itself with the drama of the present and the future, as well as with the drama of the past—that will come in time. And the same may be said of the grant. If we could conduct successfully, for a year or two, a theatre on the lines which Matthew Arnold suggested, then would be the time to ask for a grant. To go to the Government and say, "Will you kindly give us some money for an experiment we want to make, an experiment which seven out of every ten people believe to be doomed to failure?" would be fatuous. We should be in a very different position if in a few years' time we could point to something attempted, something done, and could say, "There! we have shown that a theatre such as we propose is both a possible and a useful institution. Will you help to make it more useful by giving a moderate subsidy?"

"Well," says the practical person, "and suppose you did keep your theatre going for a year or two, and then got your subsidy, what would be the advantages you would gain?"

In the first place, we should always have one theatre, at any rate, where the intelligent playgoer could take refuge, where his mind would be soothed and refined, his ear charmed, his eye pleased. We should take away the reproach that lies upon us of having the world's greatest dramatic poet for our countryman and of not appreciating him. We should gradually train all whom we could get into our theatre to understand the greatness of Shakespeare, to love the magic of his language, to enter into the wide humanity

of his conceptions. We should make the splendid heritage he left us far more a part of the life of the nation than it is, more, perhaps, than it ever has been; and never was there a time when a makeweight of the ideal and the poetic was more needed to set off against the material and the sordid in our daily life. We should, at the same time, be making the way straight for the reorganization of the theatre all round, for that revival of the great traditions of our stage which would make the drama once more a branch of literature, and set it free from the shackles in which the speculator and the sentimentalist have, between them, bound it.

Upon acting, too, our repertory theatre would have a very salutary effect. Take Mr. Benson's company, even as it is at present, and see how constant practice upon worthy themes has brought out and strengthened talent. Here are actors who can really act, who are not always employed in pouring the essence of their personalities into so many white glass bottles. They can impersonate, can be characters other than themselves, can turn from one part to another with versatile capability, and show us what it means to be good all-round comedians. One day you see Mr. Rodney as Harry of Hereford, the next as the delightful fool in "Twelfth Night," yet again as King of Fairyland, and excellent in each. Mr. Asche will play you now the King in "Hamlet," now the banished Duke of Norfolk, speaking his lines with a full sense of their dignity and pathos; then you go again and find him a vastly diverting Pistol, or a Snug, the joiner, of exceeding comicality and humor. This is the kind of training our actors need, and a permanent Shakespearean theatre would attract all the best talents among young and ambitious players, besides giving our leading actors a chance every now

and then to appear in some part not quite in their usual line, or to play a favorite character without an expensive revival at their own theatres.

Specialization has invaded the theatre just as it has made itself felt in every department of life. A young actor plays one part well, and he finds himself condemned to play that part all his life. Playwrights write in characters specially for him. If he is very successful, and can find a speculator to back him, he has plays made to order that will show him off in his particular phase. Whenever he tries anything else he is told, "Not your line, my boy," and so he goes on until the public is tired of him and he finds that he is incapable of doing anything else. He has never had an opportunity of learning his trade. There are numbers of young men who can give clever little sketches of familiar society characters—the bore, the man about town, the vulgarian, the foolish young fellow—but this is not the kind of training which will ever make them capable of doing great things. Where can we look for actors who will be able to play parts demanding passion and breadth of style, and the expression of varying emotions? We have got rid of the "star" system, which worked on the principle that the rest of the company did not matter so long as the leading actor or actress was famous. Our leading actors and actresses have now intelligence enough to see that every part must be played as well as possible if a piece is to succeed as a coherent whole. But the actor-manager or actress-managress system has drawbacks almost as great as the "star" system. At any rate, it is no better for training purposes, and the plan of having plays made to measure seriously hampers the playwright.

It may be answered here that Mr. Benson is an actor-manager himself. At present he is, and to that fact is due

the small success of such a play as "Antony and Cleopatra." But Mr. Benson would be wise man enough to see that such a theatre as I am speaking of could not be run on quite the same lines as his provincial tours. If he were a permanent institution in London he might be manager and actor as well, but he would not have all the principal parts. He would engage the best regular company he could without giving very large salaries, and for special productions he could make special engagements. Many an actor and actress would be glad to take a smaller salary than they can usually demand for the chance of being associated with the performances of such a theatre, and of appearing in plays which are seldom seen at the ordinary playhouse, run on strictly commercial lines. In short, our theatre would set itself to attract all the available talent from whatever quarter. We have an instance in Miss Kitty Loftus of an actress whose artistic instinct led her to give up for a time playing "lead" in musical comedy to take up better work, though in a less prominent position, with Mr. Benson. We should, no doubt, find many players of like mind who would reveal unsuspected ability to do good work if they could only get the chance.

But even if we can succeed in convincing the practical person that a permanent Shakespearean theatre in London would have advantages over any kind of theatrical enterprise at present existing, we have still to consider whether the public would support it. I asked a famous Shakespeare commentator, the other day, whether he had been much to the Lyceum. He said "No," and he gave me two reasons. "First," he said, "I cannot afford it, and secondly, I do not find that I care very much about seeing the plays acted. I prefer reading them. Now and again I like to notice the effect

they produce and the points that are made clearer on the stage, but there is always something or some one to spoil my enjoyment, and I go home feeling 'Ah! if only that part had been played differently!' No, I don't go much to the theatre nowadays." Of course, this is a comprehensible view, and a view that a great many people take. But I do not think it is a general view. I think the great majority of people who care about Shakespeare would be glad to have a theatre where the whole of the plays could be adequately represented. They would be interested, just as the Parisian audience is interested in seeing the great classic parts interpreted by different actors. In course of time all our leading players would have passed through the Shakespearean course. It would be the regular thing for promising actors to be seen as Hamlet, as Malvollo, as Angelo, perhaps as Antony or Macbeth; for promising actresses to play Rosalind, Viola, Isabella and the rest. We should know exactly what each could do. We should have new standards of comparison. Fresh interest in acting would be born. And we should be far more interested, too, in the acting of the smaller parts when we saw them played by actors whose careers we had watched, and whose different performances all contributed to make up our opinion of their capacities. This would be a far more effectual way of raising the level of acting than to hold examinations, as the Actors' Association propose. There is, of course, no need to examine actors. The public is the examining body. It can see for itself whether an actor is good or not—or rather, it ought to be able to see. I am afraid acting is so much out of fashion that the average playgoer nowadays does not know good from bad. It is only such a state of things which makes the examination proposal possible. It is true that we examine and license doctors, for in-

stance, and sanitary inspectors. You cannot tell that a sanitary inspector is inefficient until you have tried him—that is until your household is down with typhoid as the result of defective drains. You only find out that a doctor does not know his business when you are dead. There are, however, no instances on record of bad acting having fatal results. If it did, the London death rate would be much higher than it is. But, of course, in every way, it is an entirely different case with an art, and in any country which understood acting and was interested in it, such a proposal would be received with a shout of derision. In our theatre people would be trained to study acting just as it may be studied at the *Théâtre Français*, and a fascinating study we should find it.

But, of course, it would be at first a struggle. If we could get near to a realization of our ideal, all who desire to see an established theatre, and who understand what an effect it would have upon English dramatic art, would have to come forward manfully and support the experiment by every means in their power. They would have to go to the performances, and they would have to be satisfied with adequate representations. If, at first, they did not feel quite satisfied, they would soon find that Shakespeare is Shakespeare, even though the play-bill is full of names they do not know. They would have to put forth determined efforts to make their friends support it. Perhaps they would even have to subscribe to something in the shape of a guarantee fund. Money can be found for everything in London, and surely this would not be a great obstacle. We might even find some rich man who would devote a little of his money to endowing a theatre. His sanity would, of course, be suspected, but it is just possible that a millionaire might be found capable of seeing that it would

be a noble deed to endow an artistic enterprise. It would scarcely do, though, to have a millionaire who had made his millions himself. His habit of subordinating all else to money-getting would be too strong in his nature. He would want to make the theatre pay, and to get more money out of it to add to his pile. Perhaps, on the whole, it would be better not to have an individual at all. There is safety in numbers.

Since it is Mr. Benson's enterprise which has revived in our breasts the hope of such a theatre, it is only natural to inquire under what conditions he could, with his company, form the nucleus of a permanent institution. It is only during the last few years that his Shakespearean tours have really begun to pay at all well. Under the influence of the subscription system the receipts have been, I believe, going up steadily. This is the system which has made the Lyceum season a success. It simply means that a town is carefully canvassed in advance, a committee of prominent residents formed, and as many people as possible induced to take seats beforehand for a course of performances. So well has this plan succeeded that it is very likely that Mr. Benson may decide, for the next year or two, to divide his company's time entirely between some half dozen large towns, where they are pretty certain of good audiences, leaving out the smaller places in which this subscription plan cannot be relied upon. As the scheme stands at present London would be one of these towns, but it would have only its proportionate share, that is to say, a six weeks' or two months' season annually.

The question is, are there enough people in London who care sufficiently about the idea of a permanent Shakespearean theatre to induce Mr. Benson, or another, to give them this, and to make it worth while? I believe there

are if we can only rouse them, and weld scattered units into an effective force. Mr. Benson would be better than another, because he has an organization and a repertory ready to hand; also because there is no other manager who has done so much to keep the Shakespearean drama before the public, or who has shown such earnestness, or gone to work in a more artistic spirit. But Mr. Benson is a man of business as well as an enthusiast, and, unless the chances of permanence are good, he is not likely to risk giving up the substance of prosperity in the provinces for a shadow of success in town. To start with, a guarantee fund of £10,000 would be something. Surely a thousand guarantors of £10 each could be found. Even if they lost their £10 apiece, they would lose it in a good cause. But I do not think they would lose it.

The home of our English theatre would have to be at first a smaller playhouse than the Lyceum—a moderate-sized auditorium with a large stage. The name and associations of the Lyceum have helped Mr. Benson, no doubt. But it is too large for this purpose. Some day we might have a new theatre to house the venture, and call it the Rose, after the "wooden O" in Southwark, which Mr. Sidney Lee thinks was "doubtless the earliest scene of Shakespeare's pronounced success alike as actor and dramatist." Prices would have to be carefully thought out. At the present rates, as we see, even our famous Shakespearean commentator cannot afford to go to the play. We must try to make it possible, not only for famous commentators, but for the multitude of poor students, to sit in fair comfort at a small charge. But the time for discussing details is not yet. When it does come, we shall be on the road to a better state of things for the drama all round. Let us get one theatre such

as I have sketched, and others will follow. We shall have the provinces following suit, perhaps with municipal subsidies to aid them. We shall "re-

store the theatre;" and the next step will be—not a long step either—to the realization of the idea of a worthy drama of modern English life.

The Fortnightly Review.

H. Hamilton Fyfe.

THE SHELL.

From o'er the sea it came to me
Blush tinted as the dawning day,
It brimmed with murmured melody,
In chords of billow breeze, and spray,
And whispered echoes ceaselessly
From sun-girt oceans far away.

Dream tales it wove of Faerie cove
And cavern in the deep sea-dell,
Where, ambushed by the coral grove,
The mermaids and the mermen dwell,
And hunt the reckless dolphin drove
Beneath the long Pacific swell.

Ah, well it knew the phantom crew
That ever beat against the breeze
With lagging keel to groove the blue
Of deep, unfathomed, chartless seas,
Or sought within the dark bayou
The hidden hoards of centuries.

Oh, it could speak of crag and peak
Uplift above the climbing tides,
Of still lagoon and tropic creek
Wherein the alligator hides,
Or those clear depths the divers seek,
And where the pearling galley rides.

And now within the city din
Its spell is o'er the aching jar;
The roaring street finds echo in
The songs of Southern seas afar,
The voice of wanton waves that win
The ramparts of the coral bar.

Pall Mall Magazine.

Frank Savile.

THE FOURTEEN HELPERS IN TIME OF TROUBLE.*

BY HEINRICH RHIEL.

(Conclusion.)

V.

Susannah, not only willing, but eager, now, to help in the great work, came back the next day and stood as near as possible to the iron grating. The weather was warm and beautiful, and so it continued for many days. No fear of discovery or interruption in the secluded garden, and the maiden gradually fell into the habit of lingering hour after hour by the window, Konrad painting as slowly as possible, so that his picture should be a splendid success. And every hour belonged to an earthly paradise.

But with September came the cold wind and rain. Konrad had set aside Erasmus and the other masculine Helpers for just such weather as this. But he soon found his spirits depressed by the gloom, his touch heavy and everything going wrong. There seemed no help for it. Susannah must come back in spite of wind and storm. And the rainy days were just the most delightful of all. Wrapped in a heavy shawl (umbrellas were not yet invented) the maiden seated herself upon the windowsill and held tightly to the bars, to prevent her falling, and also to escape the water dropping from the eaves. The painter's easel was near the window (on account of the light) and, "love and nearness being one," the first kiss happened—almost of its own accord.

Susannah was constantly as merry as a lark. Konrad Lenz was joyous and lighthearted, too. They were very soon fully convinced that they could never again live away from each other,

and marvelled to think there had been a time, a wretched time, when they had not been thus closely united.

In his innermost heart Konrad had imagined that it would have been a little more difficult to win the love of such a high-born damsel. But that was, doubtless, owing, he repeated to himself, to her very unusual bringing up. The bird kept most closely in cage loves best to fly away. And Susannah had seen absolutely nothing of the world, was scarcely familiar even with the neighboring Imperial City! But, later on, Konrad would take her with him over the Alps, perhaps even as far as Venice and Rome.

In only one thing was she peculiar, and that in an old-fashioned manner. She scarcely ventured to speak of her father. Doubtless from a feeling of honor as well as of fear. She seemed to think of him and of her mother as master and mistress, and always spoke of the former as Baron von Haltenberg, even as the ladies of olden time, in addressing their husbands, were in the habit of giving them their full titles, no matter how long. In discussing the question of their marriage (which followed, of course, soon after the acknowledgment of their mutual affection) Susannah could not help admitting that her father would have very serious objections to the occupation of her lover. He did not think much of artists at any time; but one under lock and key would be all the more unwelcome as a member of his family.

"Those are only prejudices of station," she added, "I myself am quite above them; indeed, it appears to me now, a nobler calling to paint

*Translated for The Living Age by Florence Este.

beautiful pictures (especially religious pictures) than to have charge of a castle that, within the memory of man, no one had ever attempted to attack."

The painter was enchanted to hear her speak so sensibly, and did everything in his power to encourage such liberal and enlightened views.

The autumn, meanwhile, was wearing away, and warned him that soon he must give up his occupation (artistic and otherwise) at the open window. But, working now for something more than the mere finishing of his fourteen pictures, it so happened that every one of them was completed some days before the appointed time, and the last were finer than the first; but St. Catharine was by far the most beautiful of all.

The day of his triumph and of his revenge had come at last!

On the twenty-third of October he sent word to the Baron that the last of *The Helpers in Time of Trouble* had received the finishing stroke of his brush, and that if he would have the goodness to come to the studio that afternoon he would find the completed panels placed in the best light for his inspection.

In the morning he purposed having a long and final conversation with Susannah. Unfortunately, the rain fell in torrents, and, press as closely as she could to the iron bars, Susannah could not quite protect herself against it. Konrad consequently felt in duty bound to hurry through with much that he had intended saying more at leisure. He wished to meet his patron that afternoon with the firm avowal of their mutual affection. The recollection of the Baron's prejudices as to rank and station somehow troubled him more this morning than ever before. To tranquillize this uneasy apprehension, he began telling Susannah (what he had already explained to her many times) about the Italian painters,

and the high position they held in the world at present, and also how his own family was descended by no means from common people, but belonged, in fact, to the patricians of Bopfinger, only that when his grandfather had left that part of the country, he had given up his title, many of the noblemen of that day not really caring much about such things. This long story, with which Susannah was already so familiar, was interrupted from time to time by certain affectionate demonstrations, Konrad having succeeded in squeezing his head through the bars, so that his visitor's lovely face was much nearer his than was absolutely necessary for ordinary conversation.

The Baron von Haltenberg, meanwhile, had a justifiable curiosity to see the finished pictures. He did not, in the least, care for the better afternoon light. So, followed by the gatekeeper, he had come into the room, with his usual noisy strides, but in the tumult of their emotions, and the rush of the rain, the happy lovers at the window had not heard him at all. He listened attentively for a while to the painter's eulogy of his own artistic and patrician descent, but as the latter paused a moment to squeeze his head through the window bars (for the third time), the Baron quietly laid his hand upon his shoulder.

Konrad tried to stand up quickly, but his head stuck fast, and it was not without difficulty he got it back again. Susannah gave a loud scream, and ran away as fast as she could.

The artist was in a pitiable condition. He had so counted upon meeting the Baron to-day, proud and firm and triumphant, and here he was, like a fox caught in a trap. And Susannah to have fled away like a frightened schoolgirl, instead of bravely facing the rain outside, and the gathering storm within!

But, quickly master of himself, Kon-

rad burst into a hearty laugh, the Baron laughed with him, and the gatekeeper joined in with a mighty roar. None but Konrad could have laughed under the embarrassing circumstances. But a moment later, his resentful indignation at the Baron's hilarity, when he certainly had only reason to be amazed and angry, quite brought back his pride and triumphant satisfaction.

He drew himself up haughtily, and, with a formal salute to the old noble, pointed to his easel, and said:

"These pictures are all well executed and ready before the time, not owing to the unjust hardship of my imprisonment, but wholly and entirely to the gracious help of the charming Susannah. You, sir, can now redeem your knightly word to the Sainted Helpers in Time of Trouble. I do not care to have the hundred guildens you promised for work you have tried to force out of me. For what I have freely painted I am amply paid; I have received the recompense I prize most highly, the gift of Susannah's love. No earthly power can separate our hearts one from the other; they stand as firmly united as the worshipful company of the Sainted Helpers. I therefore request you to believe in my sincerity and accord me, without delay, the hand of your daughter in marriage."

The Baron looked, for a moment, quite bewildered, then laughed so heartily that the echoes came back from every corner of the high vaulted room.

"You wish to marry Susannah? With all my heart. I have nothing in the world to say against it; although as master of this castle, I might claim the right of refusal. But you mistake—you should address yourself, in the first place, to the father of the maiden," and he pointed to the old gatekeeper!

The latter, with a scowling face, hurried away, in search of his daughter,

who reluctantly followed him, her heart sadly troubled with both love and fear.

Konrad's overwhelming shame quickly turned to scorn and indignation. He saw himself deceived by Susannah, who had been playing the high-born lady, perhaps even with the approval and connivance of his jailor and the turnkey.

As the maiden came near him, tears in her eyes, yet looking towards him with tender confidence and hope, he turned away impatiently, saying, "I thought I was swearing love and fidelity to an honorable and high-born lady; my word does not hold true to a scheming waiting-woman."

Susannah had heard enough of the foregoing conversation to understand the meaning of this repulse. She drew back pale and with trembling lips, but silently and with modest dignity.

But the Baron took her hand and led her back. Standing before the painter he said, with grave severity:

"I am an old-fashioned man. You, young gentleman, may know how to live better than I do. But one thing I can tell you. Had I fallen in love, I would not have been taken in the net so blindly. But had I once given my word to a worthy and lovely young woman, I would have kept it, even had I found her to be only a waiting-maid instead of a noble-born lady."

This reproach brought the painter back to his better self.

He glanced at poor Susannah, who stood there really nobler and more honorable than he appeared himself. How could he possibly have thought, even for a moment, that such a beautiful creature had ever meant to deceive him? He remembered now that she had never called herself "the Baron's daughter." Had she not, on the contrary, always spoken of him as her "master?" How blind and dull he had been, and he had thought himself so

keen-witted. He alone had deceived himself, being so engrossed by his admiration and his passionate complainings that he had not listened to what would have set him right. Artist-like, he had seen things only as he wished to have them, not as they were in reality.

He was seized with remorse over the pain he must have given his adorable Susannah within the last half hour, and begged her most earnestly to see him alone, if only for five minutes. The maiden hesitated, but finally consented, and they withdrew into the adjoining room. The Baron, meanwhile, was making a closer examination of the pictures. Over one of them he shook his head very doubtfully.

When Konrad and Susannah returned at last (the five minutes had lengthened themselves out into nearly an hour), they held each other by the hand, perhaps not quite so closely as that first time through the window bars, but with infinitely more tenderness and meaning.

The old Baron's heart was touched at the sight of the two loving young faces, and he turned to the dissatisfied gatekeeper, begging him to overcome his prejudices against art as a profession, and give his consent to his daughter's marriage.

The old man answered respectfully, but with deep emotion:

"I had hoped Susannah would marry a man earning his daily bread in honest service in some good family, but what the master advises, the servant cannot object to," and he laid his knotty hand upon the clasped hands of the lovers. It was a touching sight to look upon.

In books of romance the heroes always have the appropriate sentiments at exactly the critical moment. In life, however, this is often quite otherwise. As Konrad felt the pressure of his unexpected father-in-law's hand, in spite of the emotion he should rightly have

experienced at this accorded blessing, he could not resist a glance of astonishment at this new relative whom he had so enjoyed painting as a hungry satyr, but the look softened as it fell upon the daughter, who had brought him to this pass, under the guise of the blessed St. Catharine.

Susannah's mother, he reflected, must, indeed, have been more beautiful than any St. Catharine to have bequeathed so great a share of her own loveliness to the child of such an uncompromisingly ugly father.

It is often expedient to make the acquaintance of one's father- or mother-in-law after the marriage is decided upon, not before. Particularly for painters.

The Baron interrupted these reflections by holding up the new picture of St. Catharine, and exclaiming, with great dissatisfaction:

"This is not at all the right St. Catharine. I cannot by any means accept it. It is the living image of my wife's maid, Susannah. How could I hang it with the sacred martyrs, in the chapel of my castle, and allow my family and my servants to say their prayers before it. Had you, indeed, painted my own daughter with the martyr's wheel, that might have been another story. There is still time before St. Leonard's Day. You must paint another picture."

Konrad replied that he would willingly and gladly keep for himself the portrait of Susannah, his best work, and the outcome of his happiest hours. He would even, if the Baron really wished it, paint his own daughter as St. Catharine. But he would do that only to oblige and give pleasure to his patron.

The Baron, however, had already repented the hasty word he had spoken. He suddenly had a horror of this diabolical art of painting. What could assure him that his own daughter might not fall a victim to this irresist-

ible free-lance of an artist? No—no—there should be no question of painting her portrait—saint or no saint.

But about any new undertaking Konrad was as firm as a rock. He would keep Susannah's portrait, but another St. Catharine was not to be thought of. St. Leonard's Day was approaching—the painter was inflexible; and, besides, he was busy all over town preparing for his wedding. There was but a hair's breadth escape from the danger of having only Thirteen Sacred Helpers forthcoming.

But the Baron was not to be frustrated in his resolutions.

He hunted up the gingerbread St. Catharine, painted in derision, which had been lying ever since, face downward, on the floor of the deserted studio, and hung her up with the other worshipful martyrs, but very sensibly giving her the darkest corner he could find.

Later generations regarded this pic-

ture with particular interest, as representing a "most primitive technique" and as being a rare specimen of early Christian art. Gradually it became a "master-piece," and, with time, even grew into a miracle-working picture, and as such was held in honor by the entire world of connoisseurs.

The Thirteen other Helpers in Time of Trouble were scattered at the end of the Revolution, and belong now to different galleries; but the St. Catharine still hangs in the chapel of the Castle von Haltenberg, and tapers burn before it night and day.

Konrad Lenz lived happy, beyond all telling, with his beloved Susannah, and, on their golden wedding day, a troop of joyous grandchildren hung wreaths of flowers around the treasured master-piece of the house—the second picture of St. Catharine, the wonderfully beautiful portrait of their grandmother.

FROM THE BOER REPUBLICS.

At the present moment, when all eyes are turned to Johannesburg, a brief account of a visit I was permitted to make to the Fort there may have a certain interest. The more so that I am told, on good authority, that I am believed to be the only Englishman who has been inside it. I had come back from Rhodesia in the winter of 1897, and was staying for a short time on the Rand before my return to England. While there I happened to make the acquaintance of Mr. Krause, the Public Prosecutor, who very kindly took me over the police courts, and explained to me fully the system on which they were worked. In most respects, I am bound to say, it seemed

to me to be admirable. There was an evident desire on the part of the Boers to rule justly and equitably, but there was quite as evidently a great deal of race friction, a harsh and unconciliatory manner among the Boer officials, and the same refusal on the part of a large section of the Outlanders to credit the Government with honesty either of purpose or of execution, which has unhappily characterized the Irish with regard to our own administration of Ireland.

In many ways Johannesburg is a beautiful town, but it was not a pleasant place to live in. There was an unreal feeling about it, of its being to most of its inhabitants only a tempo-

rary abiding place, and not one which they could ever come to regard as their permanent home. Besides this there was an impending feeling of insecurity and unrest, an atmosphere loaded with suspicion and distrust, and now and again mutterings of the storm that has since broken. The town was fairly well governed, and there were fewer murders and crimes of violence than in most other cities of the same size. There was no oppression, so far as I could learn (and I spent three months there in the early part of the year), but there was an utter disbelief in and dislike to each other, which made friendly intercourse between the British and the Dutch almost impossible. This feeling of animosity the press on both sides had done its best to fan, until at last both races seemed to have made up their minds for war. The British were always talking about it, the papers kept constantly harping on the possibility of it, and the Boers were quietly preparing for it. They felt sure, they said, that it must come sooner or later; and the same feeling was apparent in Bloemfontein, although not so strongly as in the Transvaal.

President Steyn remarked to me one day, "We don't want to fight, but you have taken the Hinterland away from us, and there is nowhere left for us to trek to, and if you force us to fight we must just die where we stand." They felt they could not get a fair hearing. One of the Boer officials in Pretoria told me they were confident they would be perfectly safe if they were in Lord Salisbury's hands, but that they did not trust Mr. Chamberlain. "We believe," he said, "that he intends to drive us into war, and to take our country from us."

Still, it is only fair to the Boers to state that, although they avowed their aversion to Mr. Chamberlain quite unreservedly, they did not accuse him of complicity in the Raid; his prompt ac-

tion at the time seemed to them sufficient disproof of that; but they believed him to be actuated by a rooted hostility to the Transvaal, and that he meant to bring about war if he possibly could. It was the Rhodes party who kept asserting that Mr. Chamberlain was implicated in it, and the Dutch can hardly be blamed if, at last, they gave credit to their assertions.

Indeed, what struck me particularly was the singular fairness shown by the Dutch even when their feelings were most strongly aroused. I will give a couple of instances. I was talking to Mr. Fischer in Bloemfontein about the Raid, and I asked him whether the Boers thought that Mr. Rhodes was influenced by sordid motives. "No," he said, "we don't. We can never forgive him for what he did, and we can never again trust him, but we do not accuse him of having done it for money; we think it was for a misplaced ambition."

President Steyn was equally ready to consider his opponents' view of the question. Chief Justice de Villiers had written an article in *The Nineteenth Century* on the treatment of the Free State by Great Britain with regard to Basutoland. Before I left Bloemfontein he gave me this to read, and also Sir Henry Stanley's reply, and a subsequent rejoinder of his own. While I was away I had my attention called to a despatch of Sir Philip Wodehouse, written in 1868, which seemed to put quite a different complexion on some of the Chief Justice's conclusions. On my return to Bloemfontein, as the Chief Justice was away, I went to President Steyn and asked him if I might see this despatch, and he said certainly, but that he did not believe the Chief Justice could be wrong as he was a very careful man. Nevertheless, he very kindly had a copy of the whole despatch made for me, with President Brand's answer, and when I came to look through

it, it bore out fully the Chief Justice's contention.

President Steyn himself is a singularly frank, unassuming, straightforward man, a member of one of the English Inns of Court, and married to a wife of half Scotch descent. He had an exceedingly cordial feeling towards individual Englishmen, although he made no concealment of his entire distrust of Great Britain as a government. The same distrust, indeed, existed among the Dutch all over South Africa.

The war, in fact, has been brewing for years, and is due to faults on both sides—to Boer suspicion, unfriendliness and distrust, and to our own want of political sympathy and of comprehension of the Boer character. When two strong, proud races clash, war must, sooner or later, be the result, unless the greatest tact and forbearance be exercised; only it would have been better for our future relations with the Dutch, as well as more consistent with truth, if we could have based our quarrel avowedly upon race antagonism, instead of being misled into accusing the Boers of all sorts of barbarities and iniquities of which they have assuredly not been guilty.

Anthony Trollope's opinion of them in 1878 is worth quoting, for it is just as true now as it was then. "It has been imagined by some people—I must acknowledge to have received such an impression myself—that the Boer was a European, who had retrograded from civilization, and had become savage, barbarous and unkindly. There can be no greater mistake. The courtesies of life are as dear to him as to any European. The circumstances of his secluded life have made him unprogressive. It may, however, be that the same circumstances have maintained with him that hospitality for strangers and easy unobtrusive familiarity of manners which the contrasts and rapidity of modern life have banished from us in Europe. The Dutch Boer, with all

his roughness, is a gentleman from his head to his heels" ("South Africa," vol. ii, p. 329).

But to return to the question of the Fort. After I had seen the police court, I asked Mr. Krause if there would be any objection to my inspecting the gaol. He said there would be none, and made an appointment a few days ahead for Dr. Cecil Schulz, the civil surgeon of Johannesburg, who was in medical charge of the gaol, to accompany us.

The gaol, I should explain, is inside the Fort, but separated from it by a high wall, so that the prisoners have no means of acquiring any information about it.

When the appointed time came, to my surprise, Mr. Krause informed me that he had obtained special permission from Pretoria to show me the Fort also.

At the end of our inspection I asked him if I was at liberty to make public what I had seen, and he replied that I had been taken over it with the express understanding that I intended to do so. Unfortunately my knowledge of military matters was of the slightest, and although I told several people in Johannesburg about my visit, I did not attempt any written description, as I knew nothing of any other forts which I could use as a standard of comparison.

Unlike Pretoria, which lies in a narrow, cup-shaped valley, Johannesburg is built on the slope of the bare, treeless downs which constitute the Witwatersrand. The Fort has been erected on the crest of the hill, and dominates the whole of the town which lies outstretched beneath it. It also commands the level summit of the hill on both sides to the right and left, and a distance of a mile to a mile and a half of level ground at the back which extends between it and where the hillside breaks abruptly away into a valley lying nearly a thousand feet below.

It is an ideal position for a fort, for it would be impossible for an enemy to approach it unobserved, or, if the houses in its immediate vicinity were destroyed, to obtain cover while making an attack.

The walls of the fort consist of sloping banks of earth about 30 feet in height, crowned on the top by an embrasured parapet. Inside these earth banks are bomb-proof concrete chambers for the men to live in, and within the gaol is a well, so that there is no danger of a scarcity of water. At the time of our visit the Fort was only just finished, and the guns had not yet arrived. I was told they were on their way out, and were expected in about a month's time, and I was shown both where the big guns were to be placed and also the Maxims for enfilading the glacis. This was in January, 1898—just two years after the Raid—and that the Fort should have been then still uncompleted goes some way to prove that, at any rate, the more extensive of the Transvaal armaments were subsequent, and not anterior, to the Raid.

Some months before Chief Justice de Villiers took me over the little Free State arsenal in Bloemfontein, in which there were at the outside only half a dozen guns. When showing them to me he made a significant observation: "We are a backward people owing to lack of communication, and to consequent lack of education, but we are doing our best to remedy this defect, and one of the cruellest results of the Raid is the diversion by the Raad of a large sum of money (I think he said a hundred thousand pounds) for the purchase of guns, a considerable portion of which would otherwise have been devoted to education."

We have been assured both by the Government and by Sir Alfred Milner that the action of the Free State in joining the Transvaal came upon them as an absolute surprise, but the appro-

priation of so large a sum for armaments (the total revenue of the Free State for 1895 being only 408,551l.) ought surely to have given them warning of what the Free Staters were likely to do in case of war with the Transvaal, even if the defensive alliance between the two Republics, concluded directly after the Raid, had not already been sufficient to do so.

While I was in the Free State the report of the South African Committee was published, and the harmful effect it produced was very marked. To the Dutch all over South Africa it seemed to be a convincing proof that we had a fixed design against the Transvaal, and it consequently lit up anew the latent race feeling which had been gradually dying out. Many of the Free State burghers were as fully aware as ourselves of the glaring defects of the Transvaal administration, and were quite as eager that pressure should be brought to bear upon President Kruger to obtain the urgently needed reforms, but anything like a menace to the sister Republic caused every other feeling than that of race loyalty to be forgotten.

I travelled for some distance with a young Free State Boer who had spent some time in England at one of the universities. "I have always been a student of Herbert Spencer," he remarked, "and strongly opposed to war, but when the Jameson Raid occurred I forgot all about Herbert Spencer, and rushed for my rifle."

The grievous provocation the Boers received before the war, and the gallant stand they have made against overwhelming odds, have fairly earned for them as generous a settlement as is compatible with the future peace of South Africa, and some arrangement may surely be devised by which that peace may be secured without depriving them altogether of the independence which is so dear to them.

Sir Redvers Buller (then Colonel Buller), speaking in the City of London in 1879, after his return from the Zulu War, made use of the following words: "Soldiers have nothing to do with politics, and I think the less they know about them the better. But, at the same time, any workman does his work better when his heart is in it, and when he feels that it is a good work, and I must say that war, which is a disagreeable thing to have anything to do with at any time, is rendered less repulsive to the actors in it if they can believe it is a right war." Whether they will be able to believe that about this present war will depend largely upon the nature of the final settlement, and more still on the manner in which that settlement is brought about. Above all things it is desirable that it should be effected by some one in whose fairness the Dutch can trust, by some one upon whom the shadow of this terrible conflict does not rest. What has caused the French Canadians, a Catholic and

The Cornhill Magazine.

a Latin race, to remain loyal to our rule during the troubled period of the American Revolution, and, more wonderful still, throughout the Napoleonic wars, and has sent them now to fight enthusiastically by our side? Has it not been the generous treatment secured for them by General Murray, by Sir Guy Carleton and by Lord Durham? Local hatreds are hard to extinguish, the clamor for vengeance is hard to stifle, but when both sides have been so greatly to blame, as they have been in this South African War, will it not be a wise policy for Great Britain to hearken as little to the heated demands of the Cape Colonists as she did to those of the loyalists of Upper Canada in 1837? They burnt down the Parliament House in Montreal in token of their disapproval of the temperate measures that were then adopted, but the steadfastness of the province of Quebec has remained ever since a standing monument to Lord Durham's political prescience.

H. C. Thomson.

THE THREE VOICES.

There are three voices born of Heaven's blue:

The first to all men sounds at Morning's break;
It rings a trumpet-blast the whole world through,

When God says "Wake!"

The second comes when Noonday's sun is high;

A voice commanding and imperative,
Bidding men strive and pray unceasingly,

When God says "Live!"

The third, when Evening follows in the shade

Of manhood's dying day, sounds last and best
To those who woke, and lived, and worked, and prayed,
When God says "Rest!"

Chambers's Journal.

THE BRONTË SISTERS.*

The true criticism of the work of the sisters Brontë ought to present to our imaginations, on a general view, an aspect at once large and simple. It ought to be no more complex than the sight from any vantage point of the famous moors above Haworth parsonage, or, we might add, the picture which memory would bear away even after many hours' wanderings in those almost classic haunts. The journeyings would reveal, of course, many grim or appealing details unapparent in the general prospect, but imagination, after we had come south or gone north, would but see a great picture, synthetic and simple, and would have wrought its own sense of the color and "spirit" of the heath-lands. The deeper essence of the place would still be a secret of nature, that knows the meaning of matter and spirit and all their manifestations in the universe. So the general features in thorough-going Brontë criticism will be sheer, simple, outstanding, the details deftly set in subsidiary proportion. For Charlotte and Emily Brontë were strange and intense souls, and in their books it is the soul-fact that matters. True, there are a hundred less-inspired things; let them be quietly touched and passed. The great poetic, passionate, creative stages are elemental and bold, easily seen by those that can see; and having duly marked them and told their quality, criticism has done its broad work. It cannot sound their mystery, wring out the secret of their inspiration, any more than the traveller on the heath can penetrate to the secret below the color and the lonely beauty of nature.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is sometimes

thoughtful in her Brontë studies, but she also dwells unduly on none too relevant details. We could wish, on the other hand, that she had boldly considered a vital matter that must be settled before the absolute worth of the sisters' work in literature, or the evolution of literature, is satisfactorily determined. In her introduction to "*Jane Eyre*" she writes with pardonable gratification of the unquestioned spell exercised to-day by Charlotte Brontë's novels on the imagination of England. But this suggests the important and here unconsidered question whether the reading world, on the whole, realizes what great fiction ought to be, whether its general ideal is such that its enthusiasm in the case of Miss Brontë can be said to be a really critical tribute. It is to be feared, as a matter of fact, that England and the Continent have paid more attention to the body than to the spirit in fiction; and despite Mrs. Ward's high opinion of latter-day developments of the novel, it is by no means yet certain that it can become a supreme medium of literature. A worthy instrument it has been, in some instances a noble one. We have even seen achievements that have suggested the supreme, the novelist, in such rare cases, showing great soul in action, giving embodiment to, as we might say, spiritual romance, indicating in characters and destinies something of the Soul above souls, vision of the Power that "ever accompanies the march of man." The general desire, however, is that he should walk "rationally" upon earth, and paint the body and circumstance of his age or another. Much—too much—is expected of him as a delineator of daily manners till often he becomes but the photographer of individuals, the Autol-

*The Life and Works of Charlotte Brontë and her Sisters. With Introduction to the Works 'y Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6 vols. 1900.

yeus of data that have no more than a transient importance. It might almost seem that the great novelist must be a master of two arts—that of revealing spiritual forces, permanent passions, like a great poet or dramatist, and that of imparting imaginative significance to more ordinary actualities. The two powers—the interaction of the two worlds—make the true novel. To be thus a seer and a convincing delineator of actuality, so far as actuality is essential—a keen problem—necessitates vision, intuition, opportunity and experience on such a scale that we must needs be modest in our expectations on the score of permanent fiction. The vision and the intuition are of the greater importance; on their possession and cultivation depends the fact whether fiction can be absolute literature rather than excellent description or analysis, or the work, as it were, of a syndicate of reporters in the service of a "time spirit," which may not be by any means a true daughter of the eternal.

If the vision of the sisters Brontë sometimes failed them, it was uncommon at its best. And even as regards their experience or their knowledge of life, Mrs. Ward, like many critics, seems to entertain a too narrow idea. The sources of knowledge are subtle as well as obvious. Knowing the Celtic inheritance of the sisters (of which more anon), their contact with a world of great Northern tradition, the keen ordeals to which their sensitive spirits were subjected at home and abroad, which stirred unimagined forces in their natures, and made them critics of life in a higher sense than, perhaps, is commonly realized—understanding all this, and more, and remembering the subtle ways in which nature and life speak to the chosen mind, we may well be chary of complaint as to lack of knowledge in their case. It is the soul that matters, not the number of

miles travelled, the number of cities seen in the actual world. Charlotte Brontë has told, as she was eminently fitted to tell, the ordeals of souls that live alone, in more senses than one—the never finished tragedies of deep natures in plain frames. Her unhappy governesses and teachers are more than governesses and teachers; they are types, old and new as the passion for sympathy, the lack of consideration in any woman's sphere. And crises and partings, journeys and reunions in her pages sometimes seem to tell of people in more mysterious lands and on more mysterious seas than ours. They speak of souls rather than bodies.

Faults and crudities of construction in "Jane Eyre" and its successors—matters with which Mrs. Ward deals at length—are sufficiently obvious. Had Charlotte Brontë been careful enough or courageous enough to free herself boldly from old theories of plot-making and other prepossessions, her story of the struggle of duty against affinity would have led to truer ordering, perhaps almost to real fusion, of material. But some of her critic's strictures on details are scarcely tenable. We may not always regard Mr. Rochester so gravely as his creator—he does not justify himself to the imagination in the way of Paul Emmanuel; but his early talk with Jane Eyre is scarcely the delectable food for comedy which Mrs. Ward imagines. The judgment on the country-house party, also, is much too sweeping. Without taking sides on the interesting question of governess *versus* provincial society, one may gently urge that a governess of genius, in her merciless way, would be likely to detect and record an ugly side of things possessing more or less glamor for the polite. It is not really a case of an ignorant governess passing judgment on "high life;" it is injured and incisive genius casting critical eyes on humanity socially more favored, but spiritu-

ally inferior. Convention may seek to put her out of court with scorn, but the spirit of critical judgment, especially after some of Miss Brontë's own stories, recorded by Mrs. Gaskell, will not be convinced that there may not be a great deal to be urged on the other side. It were better, no doubt, to invoke the comic spirit in the treatment of such issues, but Haworth was not meet, alas! for her airy presence. Certainly Charlotte Brontë had not always the happiness of overcoming ordinary prejudices in the gleam of larger vision, nor had she the unfailing power of shaping ordinary material to artistic ends, as we see in the often delightful and sometimes poetical "*Shirley*." The novelist, as we have suggested, is, on occasions, hard set to be an artistic interpreter of permanent passion and minute and mobile actuality. But it is possible to slip on points of detail, to fail, now and then, in kindling imaginative life in ordinary material, and yet to be true again and again, in the high hours, to what the imagination recognizes as soul-fact. Because Charlotte Brontë so vividly interpreted soul-fact, not occasionally, but often, we know that, however fallible at other times, she was an eminent novelist.

Mrs. Ward maintains the interesting, but, of course, by no means novel theory, that the genius of Charlotte Brontë was fundamentally Celtic. The racial spirit, or rather the deep human one, as affected in the light and shadow, the momentum, the environment of a race of changeful fortunes, no doubt lives long and works subtly in unconsidered regions, and is an attractive, if rather tentative study, though put to strange uses by extremists too bent on dividing humanity into compartments. But leaving temperaments and workaday selves, and looking into the souls that live deeply, the souls that create permanent literature, we feel that they are of no race, they know not geo-

graphical boundaries. As to Charlotte Brontë and Ireland, she seemed unable to create an Irish character—the curate Malone in "*Shirley*" and the drunken Mrs. Sweeny in "*Villette*" are beneath notice in this regard—but it is obviously true that certain qualities well marked in Celtic nature and personality are apparent in her work. It is to be feared, however, that Mrs. Ward has too conventional an idea of Celtic characteristics. Her remarks are a little too suggestive of Matthew Arnold's lectures on the "*Study of Celtic Literature*"—lectures fruitful in their day and still useful, but not founded on a comprehensive acquaintance with even translated Gaelic literature and Irish or general Celtic personality. "Celtic melancholy" is but a half-truth. Joyousness is the dominant quality of much Gaelic literature—joyousness and a fierce zest of life. The theory of the Celt's love of loneliness seems strange when we know that the idea of contention being "better than loneliness" passed into a proverb with one order of Celts. For the theory of "Celtic shrinking from all active competitive existence" it would be difficult to find any general justification, ancient or modern. Nor is Mrs. Ward convincing when she tries to explain Brontë Celticism as a growth of the Ireland of the North, "on which commerce and Protestantism have set their grasp." This, although perhaps a popular notion, is but another half-truth; the Catholic and Celtic traditions and elements of Ulster are, in their way, outstanding. (In any case, did not the Rev. Patrick Brontë come of a south of Ireland family?) Mrs. Ward's consideration of the Celtic basis of the Brontë genius might have been much more interesting had she understood the manysidedness of the real Celticism, and that the Brontë sisters' practicality and order were no more alien to it on the whole than their share of the "vision that remakes the

world." Were Gaelic literature accessible as a whole, it would clear away many misconceptions caused by taking it in snatches that concern widely severed years and varying circumstances, and give a disconnected and somewhat shadowy idea of the race or races. Its modern successor, Anglo-Irish literature, does not really display a true grip of later Irish realities, and political controversy has, unfortunately, obscured certain verities. The Celt has dreamed dreams, idealized his moors and hills, seen visions of hells and heavens that show a Dantesque feeling, without, of course, a Dantesque art; he has realized the tears of things, and known at stages the melancholy that, for sensitive souls, accompanies the fateful trends of life. But he framed the elaborate Brehon laws and a still more elaborate bardic system, pursued philosophic and scholastic ideals with a strange passion, and in modern days in more lands than one he has proved his genius as an empire-builder. Far from being an elusive creature, half within, half without existence, he has shown at his highest a remarkable grip of both worlds. Mrs. Ward, did she really know the various aspects of Celticism, might have profitably considered that phase of it which would appear to have lived a tenacious if half-inscrutable life in Emily Brontë rather than Charlotte. Yet the critic, conscious of the highest reaches of English genius, would claim much of hers as peculiar to his own race. There is truth on both sides. How much of the spiritual, the poetic, the divine even, lies below either racial consciousness, seldom coming into being or concrete embodiment? This deeper human sub-consciousness, so to say, came to consciousness in the Brontë sisters on their great moors in their Yorkshire world of distinctive tradition, in the crises of their struggling years. It mixed with moods and found outlet in

forms in which Celt and Teuton and all men find much of their passionate selves. So, when all is said, the origins are of nature's underlying store; the result speaks for and to humanity.

In her introduction to "Wuthering Heights" Mrs. Ward propounds a theory of an appreciable German influence, a somewhat liberal infusion of Hoffmann and even Tieck, in Emily Brontë's work. It must be said at once that Mrs. Ward, unfortunately, does not seem to realize the spirit and the stages of the "German romantic movement." Some of her views suggest the wild and peculiar conceptions of this German literature against which Carlyle protested in a critical essay comparatively early in the century. "Tieck and Hoffmann," says Mrs. Ward, "are full of raving and lunatic beings, who sob, shout, tear out their hair by the roots, and live in a perpetual state of personal violence both towards themselves and their neighbors." This, to speak mildly, is not fair criticism even of Hoffmann; but how must it be regarded by the student who has a comprehensive knowledge of Tieck? The whole trend of Mrs. Ward's critique is unjust to the German "Romantics" at their best; to their beauty there is only a casual allusion; there is no suggestion of those qualities, both grave and humorous, in which they are seen to differ decisively—even to the merely casual eye—from the author of "Wuthering Heights." It would appear that Mrs. Ward's imagination has dwelt overmuch upon the earlier Tieck; and, on the other hand, it is more than doubtful that a mind like Emily Brontë's could ever have been so much impressed, as she thinks, by the horrors of Hoffmann, or, indeed, of his English contemporaries of the school that would "make Parnassus a churchyard." In fact, critics are too apt to exaggerate the "haunting" effect of the "bowl and dagger" bookmen on the early century;

we may be sure there was an esoteric English self unimpressed by their terrors. "Monk" Lewis, it is suggestive to remember, had no appreciable effect upon the House of Commons. And the Haworth sisters, let it never be forgotten, had a critical and creative faculty.

Mrs. Ward's theory, however, will be interesting to the curious who seek for the source and development of genius (as distinguished from casual shades and external dyes—some of which, in Emily Brontë's case, were, no doubt, Germanic, as some in Charlotte's were French) anywhere but in the mysterious store and order of nature. We know from Charlotte Brontë's words, and without them should realize the truth, that Emily Brontë the creator, the Emily Brontë who means much to the imagination, owed little, if anything, to literature. It lit or shadowed her mind, of course, as sun or darkness lit or shadowed her moors and heath; it did not permeate her spirit or become a second nature with her. Her distinctive work and that widespread literature which may be regarded as an outcome, so to say, of the British Museum Reading-room, seem ages asunder in point of date and method. All that places her apart owes no more to book-lore than the stories woven and rewoven by vigorous brooding minds in the lonely Icelandic life to which we are indebted for the procession of the sagas: work to which remoteness from common actuality, and profound, aloof winters, gave so often a novel sense and depth of mood. By the way, there was, of course, a Norse element in Yorkshire tradition, and one finds it interesting to trace in Emily Brontë a certain kinship with the sagemen, though fancy might easily carry the kinship too far.

A critic in the *Athenæum* once suggested a decisive relation in Emily Brontë's genius to something far greater than that of German romance

—which, of course, at its best, had some sense of greatness, or, at least, was deeper than a cult, more than a mere fashion in fiction—to no less than the genius of Dante himself. This is a highly interesting question, which, unfortunately—at least so far as the present writer knows—the acute critic has not considered in detail. In this connection, and in view of Emily Brontë's Celtic ancestry, it were profitable to study that Celtic visionary spirit which made many *Infernos* before and during Dante's day, even though they found no comprehensive and powerful artist to shape them into concreteness and permanency. There was a potential Dante in the racial soul, and, in truth, some sense of it lingers to this day with the Celts. As to other aspects of the kinship, it is not merely fanciful to apprehend a certain Dantesque significance in the chief lovers in "*Wuthering Heights*," abandoned to passion in such a degree that it becomes as a great doom. Catherine, in the passionate scene where her cry is that she is Heathcliff, is no faint reminder of Francesca; but a Dante would not allow a Heathcliff or a Catherine, in hate or love, to protest so much. The tears and cries doubtless set Mrs. Ward thinking of the minor features of German romance. The passion, as the fore-mentioned critic recognized, runs too much to rhetoric. But the concentration, not only of speech but of passion, which might—nay, would surely—have come, is indicated in a few of Emily Brontë's best poems. Unfortunately enough, in treating of her virtues or defects, Mrs. Ward—who holds the theory that "we passionately accept her or we are untouched by her"—does not always employ felicitous figures of speech. "Charlotte Brontë touches the shield of the reader, . . . she attacks him, and complete as his ultimate surrender may be, he yields fighting; . . . It is still more so with

Emily." This martial stress and circumstance is rather overwhelming—and artificial. And "Wuthering Heights," whatever its *naïveté* of construction, its signs of inexperience, does not suggest the artificial. It is like a grim and elemental outcome of nature, not meant either for human enjoyment or human opposition. It makes us, as it were, spectators in strange lands, where our word counts for nothing; we stand by pits of the passions. Had it been German-made to the degree Mrs. Ward imagines, instead of being virtually a creation of impersonal and independent genius, it would not have its, on the whole, decisive imaginative justification.

Were it possible for Emily Brontë to have been dominated by book impressions and such casual experiences as her critic supposes—in short, were she an artist of the receptive order—she would surely have reproduced more of her every-day life, in the manner of Anne, the frail "little one," in "Agnes Grey" and (more gloomily) in "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," or in that of even Charlotte in her more personal and argumentative moments when the compelling new self was not active. Emily was too original for that. She obeyed that inscrutable and overmastering spirit of imagination which, as Charlotte said in a well-known preface, "strangely wills and works for itself." Mr. Swinburne rightly finds in her "a dark, unconscious instinct, as of primitive nature-worship." "Unconscious instinct" contains more essential truth than the Germanic dissertation of Mrs. Ward. And, strangely enough, if we may touch again the question of Emily Brontë's ancestry, in the oldest known fragment of Celtic poetry, handed down for hundreds of years in Irish tradition, there is the unconscious instinct, not only of worship of, but absolute identification with, nature. There is a gleam as well as darkness, and the sug-

gestion of a fierceness of spirit that the stenuous and conquering Emily would have understood and sympathized with readily. The singer is "the wind which breathes upon the sea," "the vulture upon the rocks," "the ox of the seven combats," "the fairest of plants," "a wild boar in valor," "a salmon in the water," "a lake in the plain"—everything in his sheer primeval world, as Emily Brontë's spirit was everything in the great moorlands. The singer before the dawn of Celtic history expressed the dark, unconscious instinct; in the novelist and poet, after sophisticated ages, nature again stirred and spoke—the nature below books and beyond race. Eventually, of course, as we see by later poems, the unconscious instinct gave place, in a measure, to a conscious and considered philosophy.

This "Haworth Edition" contains, besides the novels and poems of the sisters (and the "Cottage Poems" of their father), their portraits and the original title-pages and prefaces in their due places. Mrs. Gaskell's "Life," with an introduction and notes by Mr. Clement Shorter, will conclude the series. The style of the six volumes already issued is worthy of the house so honorably associated with Haworth, though occasionally the printer has neglected quotation marks. We have left to the last a reference to a feature which some will regard as special—illustrations, from photographs, of places indicated in the works. They are, of course, interesting in their way, though the way is too literal. They would blind the genius that speaks for many scenes to too local and particular ones. For instance, the description of Lucy Snowe in London is accompanied by a picture of Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Cathedral in 1848. The pages have as much to do with Ludgate Hill of 1828 or 2048. They are concerned with a state of soul much more than with a local habitation.

A GIOTTO OF THE COTESWOLDS.

When Mary Cardross first saw Jethro he was six years old, and still wore petticoats. He was not particularly small for his age, and his appearance was, to say the least of it, peculiar. A cotton frock, made with skirt and body like a housemaid's morning dress, reached to his ankles; and he seemed to have very little underneath, for this outer garment hung limp and straight from waist to heel, except on Sundays, when, fresh from the hands of his aunt, it stuck out all round like a lampshade. His hair, cropped very short round the edges, was several inches long on the crown. Mrs. Gegg, by courtesy his "aunt," did not even put a basin on his head by way of guide in the shearing, but brushing all the hair forward from the centre of the crown, laid the scissors against his forehead, and cut the hair close to the skin all round. It grew again quickly, and stuck out above his temples like a new straw thatch.

"Isn't he rather a big boy for petticoats?" Mary asked, as her landlady removed the supper, pausing at intervals to explain Jethro's presence under her roof.

"Yes, 'e be a biggish boy, but I baint a-goin' to be at no expense for 'im as I can 'elp. 'E can wait cum Christmas for 'is trowsies. 'E ought to be thankful as 'e weren't tuk to the workus, an' me only 'is mother's cousin, though 'e *do* call me haunt. 'E be a great expense, and I've 'ad 'im this two year. The most onandiest nothingly child you ever see—always a-scribblin' and a-messin' and moonin'. I don't set no store by Jethro, I can tell you, miss! 'E's got to be brought up 'ard to hearn 'is own livin'"—and Mrs. Gegg paused breathless. Mary

said nothing, but she felt rather sorry for Jethro.

Had Mrs. Gegg lived anywhere but in the lovely lonely Coteswold village, perched like a smiling fastness in the midst of beech-clad hills, reached only by the loosest and worst of roads, she would hardly have dared to dress a six-year boy in such extraordinary fashion. Public opinion would have been too strong for her. But Nookham, with its dozen cottages, lived and let live in easy apathy, and Jethro, in bitterness of spirit, wore his cotton frock. Two years ago Mary had discovered Nookham. Friends had driven her over to have tea in the woods, and to gather the wild strawberries found there in such abundance. She fell in love with the place, and came again on a private exploring expedition, when she discovered that lodgings were to be had at the post office, in the house of one Mrs. Gegg. There she spent a most delightful fortnight sketching. Never was more attentive and honest landlady, never cleaner, more orderly house! It is true that Mary's painting tackle greatly distressed her hostess, partaking, as it did, of the nature of things "messy and slummicky," which her soul abhorred. Otherwise, she liked Mary, as did most people; and she had in her way great toleration for the "curus ways" of the "gentry" generally, expecting less of them in the matter of common sense than she exacted from people of her own class. And now, after two years in Italy, Mary found herself once more in the dear Coteswold country, in the very middle of a perfect June. Nookham generally was unfeignedly pleased to see her again. Few strangers came to stay there, and the roads were too bad

and too hilly for even the ubiquitous cyclist. The squire's house was three miles from the village, the vicarage two, and the tall lady with the abundant wavy gray hair, and strong, kind face had made a very distinct and pleasant impression.

Mary did not catch a glimpse of Jethro during her first day until, happening at post-time to want a letter she had left in her bedroom, she ran upstairs to fetch it.

The room, with door flung wide, faced the narrow staircase. In the very middle of the floor stood Jethro, in rapt contemplation of a large photograph of Giovanni Bellini's Madonna—the one in the sacristy of the Frari at Venice—which Mary had placed on the little mantelpiece.

The day was well on in the week, the cotton frock hung in limp and draggled folds about the childish limbs, and the queer little creature's attitude was almost pathetically boyish as he stood, legs far apart, his hands grasping the lilac cotton where pockets ought to have been.

For a full minute Mary stood watching him. He made no attempt to touch the picture; in fact—and afterwards the circumstance seemed significant—he stood at some distance from it, that he might see it whole.

Mary must have moved, for the stairs creaked. Jethro jumped, did not even turn his head to see who was coming, but darted under the bed with the instant speed of a startled squirrel. She came into the room, shut the door, and sat down on her trunk, remarking, "If you come out I'll show you some more pictures!" Dead silence for five minutes, while Mary sat patiently waiting. She was determined that she would in no way frighten or constrain the timid child, for it seemed to her that the little Coteswold peasant who stood gazing with absorbed interest at her favorite Madonna must be worth knowing.

"I can't think why you stay under there, Jethro," she said, at last; "we could have such a nice time together if you would come out, and I must go directly to finish my letters."

But, like Brer Rabbit, Jethro "lay low and sald nuffin," so Mary was fain to go and finish her letters, determined to play a waiting game. From time to time she stopped writing, looking pained and puzzled. "It is dreadful that a little child should be so afraid of one," she said to herself; "what can they have done to him?" Presently Jethro rushed past the open door, and, later on, there came from the direction of the back kitchen a sound uncommonly like smacks.

Mrs. Gegg laid the supper as though she were dealing cards with the angry emphasis indulged in by certain whist players after a series of bad hands. Mary ventured on a timid remark to the effect that Nookham had changed but little during her two years' absence. Mrs. Gegg replied that "Squire didn't encourage no fancy building," and that, therefore, it was likely to remain the same for some time to come. Conversation languished, and she went into the garden to "take in" certain exquisitely white garments still spread upon the currant bushes, while Mary stood at the front door waiting for the nightingale to "touch his lyre of gold," when another and very different sound broke into the scented stillness—a breathless, broken sound of sobs—a child's sobs. She listened for a moment, then turned and went back into the house to follow the sound. From the landing window she noted with relief that Mrs. Gegg was engaged in converse with a neighbor (Mary stood in great awe of her landlady); she mounted a ladder leading to the attic, and there, under the slates, lying full length on the outside of his clean little bed, was Jethro, sobbing with an *abandon* and intensity that left Mary in no doubt as to what she

should do this time. Bumping her head violently, and nearly driving it through the slates in her haste, for she could by no means stand upright, she climbed in and reached the side of the bed.

Her entrance was so noisy that the child had plenty of time to vanish, as he had done in the afternoon; but he was evidently so astonished by her appearance that no thought of flight occurred to him; he even forgot to be frightened, left off crying, and asked, eagerly:

"Did you 'urt your 'ead?"

"No, not much. I heard you crying, and came to see what was the matter."

Jethro looked queerer than ever. He wore a voluminous unbleached calico nightgown, several sizes too big for him; the big tears on his cheeks shone like jewels in the soft June twilight, and the thatch of tow-colored hair was rumpled into a quickset hedge above his great, grave forehead.

"I've been beat," he whispered.

"Why, what had you done?"

"I thrown a stwun at Earny Mustoe akez 'e did call oi 'Jemima,' and it did break 's mother's windy."

"Is he bigger than you?"

"Yes, 'e be noine!"

"Then why didn't you go for him and hit him? You couldn't break any windows that way, and it would teach him better manners."

Jethro stared in astonishment at this warlike lady.

"But 'e be ever so much bigger nor me," he exclaimed, "and I be allays beat aterwards;" then, remembering his woes, "and it do 'urt so, it do," and Jethro began to wall again.

Mary gathered the woe-begone little figure into her arms, and sat down on the floor, saying cheerfully:

"Cheer up, old chap; I'll pay for that window, and you mustn't throw any more stones; and don't cry any more, and we'll have ever such nice times while I'm here."

It was evident that Jethro was not used to being cuddled. He sat stiff and solemn on her knee, staring at her with great puzzled eyes. She talked to him as tender women talk to children, and finally put him to bed, tucked him in, kissed and blessed him, and climbed down the ladder again. Much to her relief she saw that Mrs. Gegg was still in the garden.

Jethro lay awake, staring at a patch of moonlight on the whitewashed wall. Hazily, vaguely there arose in his mind a recollection that at one time some one always tucked him into bed—some one who looked kindly at him. He couldn't remember the face, but the eyes were like the tall lady's—like the lady's in the picture downstairs; and again Jethro wanted to cry, but not because he had been "beat." However, he would not cry; she had asked him not to, and she had such sharp ears, and she would come to see him every night, and she had lots more pictures. Here the tall lady and the lady in the picture became inextricably mixed up, and Jethro slept that blessed sleep of childhood which is oblivion.

"I'd just like to show you, miss, a present as I've 'ad from my nephew down Cubberly way. 'E's on'y fifteen, and 'e's that clever with 'is fingers—"

Mrs. Gegg held up for Mary's admiration a frame made of fir-cones which had been varnished and squeezed together till they looked like a hollow square of highly polished brown sausages. "There, Jethro, if you could make summat like that!"

"I likes 'em better a-growin'," said Jethro, softly.

During the scornful scolding that followed, Mary watched Jethro. His serene gray eyes under the square, peaceful forehead looked a trifle weary, and he sighed as his aunt harangued him, but he did not seem greatly disturbed. After all, whether people scolded or not, gracious gentle things

continued 'a-growin', and Jethro, through the sweet uses of adversity, had early learnt that "Nature, the kind old nurse," never refuses consolation to such of her children as seek it in sweet, solitary places with an understanding heart.

Mary found Jethro very difficult to get at. He followed her about, and would sit watching her paint for hours in silent, absolute absorption, but he very seldom spoke himself. One day, as they were walking together down the steep stony road leading to the woods, he suddenly clasped her round the knees, exclaiming, "You be such a dear 'ooman!"

Mary stooped hastily and kissed the little upturned face. In a life compassed about with much affection and many friends, no one had ever spoken to her with such a rapture of appreciation, and she fell to thinking how little she had done to deserve it. Two days after she got a letter.

"The mater cannot write herself," it ran, "because she is busy with a big chest in the attic upon which the dust of ages has hitherto been allowed to rest in peace. From time to time you may hear her murmur, 'Six, and an average size. Poor little lad! What a shame!—this will do, I think.' So you know what is going on. Do you remember the bundles? All neatly docketed—'To fit boy of twelve,' etc. A regular trousseau is coming, so tell that kiddie to cheer up."

Three days later Jethro appeared at school in all the glory of jacket and "trowsies;" and the very boy who had most grievously tormented him about his petticoats chastised another on his behalf who made derisive remarks about a "gal in trowsies." Thus the chief misery in Jethro's life was removed, and he felt that he bid fair to become a social success.

His aunt manifested no objection to the new clothes. A thrifty soul, she

believed in taking what she could get, and remarked, quite good-naturedly, that Jethro did look a bit more like other folk now.

"Of a Saturday" Mrs. Gegg "hearth-stoned" the whole of her back kitchen, till its spotlessness rivalled that of the whitewashed walls. The placid expectancy of Saturday evening had settled on the village. Mary, tired by her long day's painting, was resting upon the slippery horsehair sofa, and meditating on the impossibility of reproducing on canvas the brilliant transparency of young larches, when her landlady burst into the room, positively breathless with passion.

"Just you come here, miss, and see what that there mishtiful young imp o' darkness been and done. I'll warm 'im so's 'e sha'n't forget it in a 'urry!"

Mary hastily followed the woman into the sacred back kitchen, and there in a corner near the pump crouched Jethro, one arm curved above his head to protect it from the rain of blows that had just fallen, while the floor was decorated by a monochrome landscape painted by Jethro with Mrs. Gegg's blue-bag.

Mary gazed at it with astonishment. With strong certainty of touch the child had splashed in, by means of the coarse blue, the stretch of hills that met his eyes every time he went out at Mrs. Gegg's front door. The queer impressionist sketch had atmosphere, distance and, above all, perspective. "Oh, Mrs. Gegg!" cried Mary, holding back the angry little woman with her strong arms as she was advancing across the picture to wreak fresh vengeance upon Jethro, "leave it! leave it till Monday, and I'll give you blue and whitening to last you a twelvemonth. It is a wonderful picture! Some day you will be proud of him. He couldn't help it. We none of us gave him anything to draw on. Why didn't you tell me, child, that you could draw like this?"

Astonishment was cooling Mrs. Gegg's wrath. She had heard, nay, upon one occasion seen, that a pavement artist in distant Gloucester earned good money, though it was but a poor trade. Then there was Miss Cardross, always messing with paints and things—perhaps she really knew something about it.

"If you will leave the picture where it is till Monday," continued Mary, "I will ride over to Colescombe tomorrow and persuade an artist friend to come and look at it, and we will see what can be done for Jethro. Please, Mrs. Gegg!" And Mary got her way.

* * * * *

"You must leave him where he is," said the great art critic to Mary, when he had inspected the frescoed floor. "He may be a genius. I think he is. All the more reason to leave him alone just now. Give him paper and paints—lots of them; don't lose sight of him, and

Longman's Magazine.

we'll help him when the 'right time comes. It hasn't come yet."

So Mary left him in the peace of the kindly Coteswold hills. And while Bellini's Madonna smiles down upon him from the whitewashed attic wall, while sun and cloud make light and shadow for him on beech-clad slopes and grassy plain, and life is full "of mysteries and presences, innumerable, of living things," we need not pity Jethro. For, even as one who wandered long ago upon the steps of far Fiesole found infinite potentialities among solitary places and pleasant pastoral creatures, even so in time to come the little Coteswold peasant may enter into his inheritance in that kingdom where "every color is lovely and every space is light. The world, the universe is divine; all sadness is a part of harmony, and all gloom a part of peace."

L. Allen Harker.

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH MODERN MOTOR-CARS.

Horseless carriages are no new thing, for in two years we shall be able to celebrate the centenary of automobilism. In the year 1802 Trevithick constructed a front-steering road-carriage, driven by steam, which attained the speed of ten miles an hour. He was followed, in later years, by Gurney, Hancock and others, who designed and constructed most excellent steam-omnibuses, which for some years competed successfully with the horse-drawn coaches. Mr. Scott Russell also ran a service of steam carriages between Glasgow and Paisley, which were always crowded with passengers; but the service had to be discontinued owing to the action of the road trustees in raising barricades of stones

which the motor-cars could not surmount. The road automobile movement was eventually killed by the prejudice and opposition of parties interested in horseflesh, by the iniquitous tolls levied on horseless carriages, and by the advent of the railway automotor.

The horseless carriage, thus driven from its birthplace, found an asylum in countries less conservative than Britain. This is the reason why the French are so far ahead in the industry, and we who were the pioneers of automobilism have now to go abroad for the best models and designs.

The horseless-carriage emancipation act—that is, the Locomotives on Highways Act—only came into force on No-

ember 14, 1896. Thus British manufacturers have had barely four years for experimental work; and the firms so far most successful in this have been content to profit by the experience of our Continental rivals rather than strike out on new lines.

My knowledge of horseless carriages has been gained mainly with three types of petrol automotors. The first was a French De Dion Bouton quadricycle which arrived just in time to take part in a picnic excursion along the coast-road into East Lothian. With the exception of a little instruction from the agent of the machine in Paris, I had, till this time, no experience in managing a motor-cycle. Having procured a gallon of petroleum spirit, or petrol, and filled the reservoir, we started without much difficulty, and had a pleasant run to Longniddry, twelve miles from Edinburgh. Arrived there, I had to give several of our party rides, with the result that my stock of petrol became exhausted, and we had the laborious task of pushing the machine part of the way on our return journey.

Failing in the attempt to procure petrol in a village we passed through, I filled the reservoir with ordinary lamp-oil; but the engine refused to work with this fuel. Determined not to be beaten, and being tired out with the exertion of pushing the machine, I made a bonfire with some newspapers under the reservoir, and continued the heating until I could plainly see the vapor of the lamp-oil escaping up the float-chimney. The result was magnificent, and we covered some six miles at a great speed. Again the motor flagged, and eventually stopped. We had repeated recourse to the bonfire before we reached home late at night. Here, however, let me strongly advise motor cyclists not to attempt this bonfire performance, the danger of which I did not realize at the time. I now

regard our escape from a severe explosion as almost miraculous. This motor-cycle carried us some three thousand miles, including a journey to Bristol and back; and, though it afforded us much pleasure, I am unable to recommend it as a reliable means of locomotion.

My next machine was a Daimler five and a half horse-power car made at Coventry. The price of this was £370. The parent company, which manufactures under the patents of the late Herr Gottlieb Daimler, is German; and when the English branch was started it had the assistance of trained engineers from the chief manufactory. The work they turn out is first-class in all respects, and the engine is one of the most successful quick-running light oil-motors yet made.

An adaptation of this engine is used by Panhard & Levassor, the leading French automobile makers. It has a two-cylinder vertical engine; the diameter of the piston is 3 9-16 inches; length of stroke 4 3-4 inches; and the number of revolutions per minute is 720. Tube ignition is used. The diameter of the front wheels is 2 feet 6 inches, of the back wheels 3 feet 3 inches. The steering is effected by a tiller, which moves in a direction opposite to the wheels, which have solid rubber tires. The method of cooling is by water, which is circulated by means of a pump; and ten to fifteen gallons are carried. There is a spoon-brake on the tires, and a band-brake on the countershaft. The power is transmitted from the motor to the rear wheels by a friction clutch, tooth gearing and chains; and there are four speeds—namely, four, eight, twelve and sixteen miles per hour. Petroleum spirit of a specific gravity of 0.680 is used. The total weight of the car is about nineteen hundredweight.

Though the Daimler is, undoubtedly, the most reliable and satisfactory Eng-

lish car yet made, it has certain faults. To some of these I will now refer: (1) It is underpowered; the twelve and sixteen miles an hour speeds can only be used on good level roads in summer. A touring car to carry four people with their luggage should be provided with an engine of at least eight brake horsepower. (2) Tube ignition has many disadvantages. The most serious one is the danger of the car and its occupants catching fire in case of an accident; others are the difficulty of keeping the burners alight in the wind, and of re-lighting them, and also the difficulty of getting them to burn with a sufficiently hot flame. (3) Owing to the absence of an efficient water-cooling arrangement, a large dead weight of water is carried, and this must be renewed every twenty-five to thirty miles. (4) The brake power is insufficient. (5) There are no efficient means to prevent the car running backwards if stopped on a hill. (6) The tiller steering is too sensitive, and is dangerous at high speeds. I understand, however, that in the latest Daimler cars most of these faults have been rectified.

On the arrival of my Daimler car at the Caledonian Station, in Edinburgh, last January, I went there with a can of petrol to drive it home. I had no difficulty in starting the engine, and all went well until I was about half-way up a steep street, when a snap was heard, the engine stopped, and the car began to run backward downhill. Fortunately, two active friends who were with me were able to stop the car before it had got up any momentum. A subsequent examination of the engine showed that the eccentric rod which worked the water-pump had broken, probably owing to the freezing of the water in the pipes during the previous night. By means of a strap and a piece of cord the rod was fastened out of the way and an attempt made to start the engine; but the attempt was in

vain. In turn we all tried to start the engine; but go the right way it would not. Eventually, however, it began to run backward, and then the happy thought occurred to me that by putting the reversing gear into action the car might be persuaded to move forward. I tried this at once, and, to our intense relief, it forged slowly forward, and so went to the coach-house. We must have spent fully two hours in the street, and I had just resolved to get horses to pull the car home, when we succeeded in moving it.

A short time after this accident, while leaving the Queen's Park, Edinburgh, by St. Leonard's Hill, the car suddenly began to run backward, and before we could do anything it had run violently into the wall at the side of the road. Fortunately the hood, which was projecting behind, served as a buffer, and saved us from injury. Until I got down and noticed that one of the chains had come off I had no idea what the cause of the mishap was. This is one of the points requiring particular attention in the construction of a new car; for the chains are liable to stretch and come off, and usually do so at the most awkward times. On another occasion an admission-valve spindle broke when I was taking a friend for a drive on the outskirts of the town; and we had to push the car into a dairyman's yard and walk home.

Otherwise, I have only had trouble with the burners and tubes; but this occurred pretty frequently. Last August we started with two friends for London, spending the first night at Moffat and the second at Penrith; but the speed of the car, in consequence of the burners acting badly, gradually diminished, until it was only with the greatest difficulty we managed on the third day to get over Shap Fells, a rise of one thousand three hundred feet. Further, when descending on the other side, I had, in consequence of the some-

what precipitous incline, great difficulty in holding the car in check, and when we reached the bridge at the bottom the car was enveloped in smoke. Here we jumped off quickly and removed the spare cans of petrol and our luggage. It was then discovered that the brake-strap, owing to the long-continued and intense friction, was smouldering. Two or three buckets of water put this right. One of the burners, however, had gone from bad to worse, and now it would not light at all. We had, therefore, to continue our journey to Kendal on one cylinder. So far I had only endeavored to doctor the tube-burners themselves; but on our arrival at Kendal I determined to examine into the condition of the tube that conveyed the petrol from the reservoir to the burner; and here I found the origin of our trouble, for the tube was almost blocked at one place with a curious deposit from the petrol. After this had been removed the burners gave us much less trouble.

Leaving the Daimler in London, I went to Paris to drive back a car which had been on order for some months. This car was made by the Delahaye firm, of Tours and Paris, and its cost is £450. It is a four-wheeled phaeton. There are two horizontal cylinders placed at the back. The diameter of the piston is 4.33 inches; length of the stroke 6.29 inches; with about 725 revolutions per minute. The diameter of the front wheels is 34 inches, of the back wheels 43 inches, and the tires are pneumatic. The ignition is electric; the brake horse-power 10.8. Power is transmitted from the motor to the wheels by belts and chains. There are three band-brakes—one on the counter-shaft and one on each driving-wheel; and a ratchet arrangement prevents the car from running backward downhill. A very efficient water-cooling arrangement, consisting of thirty metres of copper piping, is placed in front, to be cooled by the air, the result being

that only three gallons of water are carried, and two hundred miles or more can easily be run without renewal. A device is provided whereby the compression is relieved while the engine is being started. The fuel used is petroleum spirit, and the average cost per mile for the fuel, at one shilling a gallon, is 0.36 pence; thus four people could be conveyed from Edinburgh to Carlisle at a cost of less than ninepence each for fuel.

This car has given me very great satisfaction. It is, undoubtedly, much superior to anything yet turned out in this country, one of its chief merits being the efficiency of its brake-power. When descending a gradient of 1 in 12.9 at a speed of sixteen miles per hour, it was stopped in twelve and one-third yards (automobile club trials). Further, there is ample reserve power, and it will ascend the slope of Liberton Hill, Edinburgh, at an average speed of eight or nine miles an hour.

A few lines will be sufficient for a narrative of my journey on this car from Paris to Edinburgh. We left Paris with a *mécanicien* from the works, who, to my mind, drove far too recklessly through traffic. The only incident on the first day's journey, however, was the catching up and running over of a hen. We slept at Rouen; and the next day, on our way to Dieppe, the connecting water-pipe broke, causing a delay of several hours. As motor-cars are only carried by the night-boats of the Dieppe-Newhaven service, we had to drive to the wharf about midnight. Here the captain informed us that the sea was too rough to permit him to take the car, so we had to return to our hotel.

Next morning we drove the ninety miles to Boulogne; and, after waiting there two days for calmer weather, we crossed by the day-boat. Arrived at Folkestone, we found that great caution is required to prevent the wheels

getting between the rails and the planking; and, in spite of the greatest care, I unfortunately got both fore and aft wheels firmly wedged in. It took the united efforts of some fifteen men to lift the car out.

During our drive to London the engine stopped at Mitcham. I now found the water-pipe had broken just where it gave way before. We had been running for an unknown period without cooling-water, and the engine had stopped from overheating. It was raining hard and blowing a gale; I, therefore, had to crawl under the car, detach the broken pipe, and then walk some distance to an engineer's shop to have it repaired; this done, I replaced it, filled up with fresh water, and then, to my joy, found that the engine worked quite satisfactorily. Since then the water-pipe has given me no trouble.

We stayed at night at Oxford, Kidderminster, Liverpool, Windermere and the Gordon Arms, Yarrow. We ran on an average about ninety miles a day, and were nearly always at our resting-place for the night before 4 P. M. Our longest day's run was one hundred and fourteen miles.

Three chief types of motors have been used for the propulsion of horseless carriages: steam engines, petroleum-vapor or gas engines and electric motors. Steam holds the field for wagons or lorries; its chief advantages are its elasticity, its variable speed, very great range of power and self-starting action. Its disadvantages are that a fire and a boiler are required; consequently it cannot be started at once, steam must first be raised, and constant vigilance must afterwards be exercised as to the state of the fire, the pressure of the steam and the supply of water.

Oil-motors or internal combustion engines are of two kinds: heavy oil, and light oil or petroleum spirit or

petrol. Attempts have been made in this country by Roots & Venables, and on the Continent by Koch, to utilize ordinary petroleum. These attempts will no doubt be eventually successful, and will result in a great saving of trouble and expense, because ordinary petroleum can be obtained almost anywhere and at a cost of less than half that of mineral spirit. At present there are difficulties connected with the vaporization of the oil, the deposits which form in the cylinders and the smell of the exhaust. Chiefly for these reasons the petroleum-spirit engines are at present to be preferred. They have, as compared with steam, the following advantages: they are always ready and can be started at once; when once started they practically require no looking after, but will run on as long as the supply of spirit is maintained. The consumption of fuel is less, and the consumption of water in a modern car fitted with a radiator is practically nil.

To mention some of the disadvantages of oil-motors: they have neither much range of power nor capability of variation of speed; thus a complicated transmission-gear between the engine and the driving-wheels is necessary; they must be started by hand, and cannot be reversed; and there is more vibration, which naturally is most noticeable when the car is at rest.

For touring purposes the petroleum-spirit car is at present unsurpassed. Provided with a few gallons of the spirit, the autocarist is enabled to travel immense distances at high speed, and he has an engine that never tires and requires scarcely any attention. Arrived at his destination at night, he has only to extinguish his ignition and turn off the petroleum spirit, and the car will receive no damage and will undergo no deterioration though he should not return to it for an indefinite period.

The third source of power is electricity. This will probably be the motive-

power for light carriages in the future. The chief advantages of electrically-propelled vehicles are: the motor is always ready, and it is a self-starter; great variations in power and speed can be obtained by proper arrangement of the cells, and thus the complicated transmission-gear of the oil-motor becomes unnecessary; there is less vibration and less noise than with the steam or oil engine; and there is no smell and no exhaust.

Against these great advantages we must place the following disadvantages: the electricity must be carried with you in the form of the stored chemical energy of accumulators, and no light and durable accumulator has yet been discovered. Even were this difficulty surmounted, another would appear, due to the want of sufficient conveniently situated charging stations. With the best accumulator procurable it would scarcely be safe to tackle a distance of more than twenty-five miles, and when this distance was completed an hour or two would be lost in recharging the accumulators. Those who have had experience with accumulators, even when placed under the most favorable conditions—at rest in a laboratory—would probably be inclined to admit that the accumulators of an electrical car would—owing to the spilling of acid and detachment of the lead-paste caused by the jolting—be an endless source of trouble and anxiety. At present the electrical car is only a luxury for the rich, and suitable for running short distances in a town or in the vicinity of a charging station; and it requires the services of a trained electrician to keep the accumulators in order.

Amongst minor general points, it is to be noted that belt transmission-gear is preferable to toothed-wheel gear, chiefly because the former is absolutely silent, is flexible, and no friction-clutch is required; speed changing is effected

smoothly and without jerks; and not only is the first cost less, but the expense of renewal is trifling.

Electric ignition or magneto-electric ignition will, no doubt, eventually completely displace tube ignition. The danger of the car catching fire from the lighted burners in case of an accident is of itself a sufficient reason for preferring electric ignition.

In conclusion, it may be urged here that the law regulating the speed of motor-cars should be amended. In England motor-cars are permitted to travel on country roads at twelve miles per hour; in Scotland, where the average country roads are far less frequented, the speed must be reduced to ten. What our legislators have failed to perceive is, that danger to the public does not depend so directly on the speed at which a vehicle may be travelling as on the driver's control in stopping suddenly on emergency, and on the facility with which the car may be turned aside to avoid collision. It is not too much to assert that a properly equipped motor-car can be pulled up in one-third the distance required for a horse-drawn vehicle. Further, as regards manoeuvring and turning, the shortness of an autocar permits this to be effected much more readily and in less space than a similar movement by a horse-drawn carriage would require. In my opinion, any attempt to fix a speed limit is a mistake; the ordinary law as to furious driving, which applies to all vehicles, is amply sufficient to control the driving of motor-cars. Thus, while a speed of six miles an hour in the crowded parts of a city might rightly be regarded as furious driving, a speed of twenty miles an hour or more on perfectly clear country roads might be quite safe. Mr. Outhwaite, manager of the Edinburgh Autocar Company, Limited, made a record run with a heavy motor-car. Leaving Edinburgh at 9.5 P. M., on 14th March, Mr.

Outhwaite drove *viâ* Berwick, Newcastle and York to Selby, a distance of two hundred and twenty-one miles, without once stopping, reaching the latter place at 2.45 P. M. on the 15th. This is the longest non-stop run which has been accomplished in Great Britain, and goes far to prove the perfection to which self-propelled vehicles have now been brought.

The Automobile Club of Great Britain has amongst its five hundred members the Lord Justice-Clerk, Earls Talbot, Carnarvon and Shrewsbury, Sir Francis Jeune, Sir William Gordon-Cumming and Sir David Salomons. The Scottish Automobile Club, whose temporary offices are at 4A St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, has amongst its vice-presidents Lord Saltoun, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir James Pender, Sir Lewis M'Iver and Sir John Murray. It made the local arrangements for the Automobile Club thousand miles trial, for which more than seventy automo-

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tors have entered. The route chosen for this trial is from London *viâ* Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester and Carlisle to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh *viâ* Newcastle and Leeds, to London. The vehicles were timed to leave London on April 23, and reach Edinburgh on May 1. Hill-climbing competitions were organized at Shap Fells, Dunmail Raise, Grasmere and Birkhill, Moffat, and certificates and prizes will be awarded to the vehicles which acquit themselves best.

The opposition manifested in some quarters to horseless vehicles is of the same character as the bitterly antagonistic feeling to the introduction of railways, tramways and bicycles. Opposition did not succeed in the past, and it will assuredly fall in the case of motor-cars. The purchase, by the Prince of Wales, of a six horse-power Daimler motor should still further remove prejudice and popularize automobilism.

Dawson Turner.

A DUTCH FAIRY TALE.

The Englishman of average culture is quite at home in modern French literature, and he is probably more or less acquainted with that of Germany. If he is not fortunate enough to understand Italian, at least he can read Leopardi and D'Annunzio in translations. The authors of modern Russia, Tolstoi and Turgenev, are easily accessible either in his own tongue or through the medium of French; the Hungarian novelist, Maurus Jokai, is as familiar to readers of the present generation as Dumas was to their fathers, and even the writers of the far north, Ibsen, Bjornson and Jonas Lie, have become household words.

The semi-mystical authors of Belgium are also widely read in England, for though the racial differences which separate them from the French are apparent in all that they have written, they possess the inestimable advantage of being born to French as their mother tongue.

With the sister country of Holland the case is widely different. A prejudice attaches to the very name of Dutch. We figure to ourselves the whole nation going about with a pail in one hand and a mop in the other, and we refuse to believe that it can ever rise to higher avocations than cheese-making and churning. Dutch

literature is to the majority of us an inconceivable idea, but within its narrow territory Holland nurtures a literary movement vigorous enough to furnish a monthly review, *De Nieuw Gids*, which is little inferior in quality to the august periodical over which Ferdinand Brunetière presides. A leading figure among the newer men is Frederik Van Eeden, who, with his fascinating book, "*Johannes Viator*," took the reading world of Holland by storm. "A new Bible" was the comment which rose to every one's lips when the book first appeared, but though "*Johannes Viator*" is, undoubtedly, a work of genius, "*Confessions of a fin de siècle Augustine*" would, perhaps, be a more accurate description of this strange mixture of philosophic musing, of erotic yearning, and of keen self-scrutiny.

It is not, however, with the famous "*John the Pilgrim*" that I now propose to deal, but with an earlier work, "*De Kleine Johannes*," which, under the fantastic semblance of a fairy tale, conceals a philosophy of life. The little boy of the story is a seeker after truth, asking, as men in all ages have asked, for a solution of the riddle of the universe. He meets many friends in his fairy world, who all profess ability to help him; to each one of them in turn he gives himself up unreservedly, only to find, in the end, that he has travelled by a wrong road, and that the great task before him has yet to be begun. There can be but little doubt that a deep human significance underlies the framework of the story, but the allegory—if that be not too strong a word—is nowhere obtrusive, and each reader will interpret it according to his own theories of existence. To me it seems that three distinct epochs in the intellectual and moral development of humanity are here indicated. Individual souls may also pass through successive stages of a similar nature, but the world, at any rate, has certainly known

those very distinct periods of intellectual life which we call the Greek, the Mediæval and the Modern; periods which have been influenced by nature worship and the love of beauty, by the love of knowledge and of those magical arts which promised to reveal it, and, lastly, by scientific materialism. In the fairy tale these three stages are personified by Windekind, a radiant elf, born of the sun and moon and cradled in a wind flower; by Wistik the kobold; and by Pluizer the cynic and his friend, Doctor Cypher. Windekind knows nothing, or, at least, he will reveal nothing, concerning the problems that disquiet the soul of Johannes; he only knows that that way madness lies, and constantly he warns Johannes not to indulge his questioning mood. He himself finds complete satisfaction in the beauty of the visible universe and seeks nothing beyond it; he calls the Great Light his Father, but acknowledges that he does not know him and has never been with him. This stage of human thought belongs to a primitive age, and cannot be of long duration. Wistik represents a later development; he is conscious of the moral perplexities which beset mankind, he is haunted by the idea of some magical key which will unlock the riddle of the earth, but though he is ever seeking he is never able to come to a knowledge of the truth. Pluizer stands for the Spirit that Denies; "men exist," he says, "and figures, but there is nothing else."

My purpose here is to trace the moral significance of Frederik Van Eeden's story, and I shall, therefore, be obliged to dwell almost exclusively on its more serious aspects. But the book is very far from being a mere allegory; if it were capable of no secondary interpretation, it would still be a thoroughly delightful fairy tale; the ball in the rabbit's burrow, and the visits to ant hills, rooks' nests, and crickets' schools, are

all just the kind of thing which children love to read about. The author possesses that perfect sympathy with nature which makes the inanimate world so real and so responsive to children and childlike men. From a literary point of view he is at his best in his descriptions of wide rolling dunes, mossy heaths and murmuring forests. He dwells by choice on the more gracious aspects of nature, on glowing sunsets and incense-breathing morns, and in this he shows himself akin, among the painters of his nation, to Cuyp, with his golden-tinted canvasses, rather than to the gloom of Hobbema or Ruysdael. His power of expression is extraordinarily vivid. He makes us see the lily pond and hear the splash of the water as the frogs pop into it at the sound of footsteps. We see the flower-laden chestnut trees standing, like huge candelabra, by the old house, and the wild wood-cherry "wearing white for Eastertide." For nature he has nothing but love and admiration, but mankind appears to him in a less attractive guise. It is always the faults and follies of men which evoke those bursts of scorn that show how powerfully he can wield the weapons of sarcasm and irony. His animals are all evident caricatures of men; most of them are absorbed in the consciousness of their "mission," and are convinced that their own particular function is the highest end of mortal endeavor. The cockchafers regard every creature as a drone who is not engaged in the serious business of eating all he can, "veel te eten" being regarded by them as the whole duty of the chafer, and the glow-worms pride themselves on being the crown of creation, on the strength of their little spark. The peace-loving ants compel every other tribe of ants to embrace their principles at the edge of the sword, and are themselves prevented, for lack of time, from practising what they preach, while

Kribbelgaw, the great hero of the spiders, who invented a net in which he entrapped millions of flies, is held in eternal honor on account of his "cruelty and cleverness."

But the full strength of Van Eeden's irony is reserved for the castigation of conventional religion. He is himself indubitably a man of deep religious feeling, but for the popular forms in which the evangelicalism of Holland is embodied he has nothing but scorn and loathing. Pious folk seem to him a grotesque and hideous wen on the fair face of nature, and he is never tired of girding at their ugliness and vulgarity. His description of a religious picnic, where men in tall hats pollute the air with the smoke of their cigars, where fat women eat oranges, and, having strewn the grass with the fragments of their meal, settle down to sing hideous hymns and listen to the fiery eloquence of a pasty-faced preacher, is so impregnated with disgust and bitterness that the reader is glad to turn over the leaves hastily and get away from it.

The author has many moods, and his style varies with each feeling as it passes; now he is graceful, tender and playful, then his voice is hushed with awe, and again it rises in biting humor and fierce sarcasm, but it is always attractive and always persuasive. This is how he introduces his hero:—

Johannes lived in an old house with a large garden. It was a difficult place to find your way about in, for it had many dark lobbies, stairs, little chambers and empty lumber rooms, and the garden was full of forcing frames and greenhouses. It was a whole world for Johannes. He made long voyages in it, and gave names to all his discoveries. . . . Nor must you think it strange that he set great store by his dark little bedroom with the tiny window panes. He loved the paper with its big, flowery pattern, in which he could see faces as he lay in

bed in the morning; he loved the picture in which stiff figures promenaded up and down a still stiffer garden, by the side of smooth ponds with high spouting fountains and stately swans . . . but most of all he loved the clock on the wall. He always wound it up with most religious care, and believed himself bound in politeness to fix his eyes upon it as he went to sleep.

But a better companion still than paper-hangings or clocks was his dog Presto. The little boy was never lonely; if he had been he might have made friends of his schoolfellows, but he really never felt thoroughly at ease till he was alone with Presto. Sometimes he went for long walks with his father over the dunes, and then Johannes asked questions about all that he saw and heard—why the world was as it was, for instance, why the creatures and the plants had to die, and if miracles ever happened. "But Johannes's father was a wise man, he never tried to explain what he didn't understand; and that was good for Johannes." This question, "*waarom alles is zooals het is,*" is the problem that the child never ceases to ask, though, under the influence of Windekind, his doubts are, for the moment, lulled to rest.

The air lay warm over the lake, and very still. The sun, hot and tired after its day's work, seemed to be resting for a moment on the far-off edge of the dunes before turning in for the night. . . . The beech tree which hung over the lake was taking advantage of the quietness of the water to have a good look at herself, and the solitary heron, standing on one leg among the broad leaves of the water-lilies, forgot that what he really came for was to catch frogs, and stared down his nose in a brown study.

Johannes liked to visit the lake on those quiet evenings, and to-night he could not resist the temptation of getting into the boat which lay moored

at the foot of the beech tree, and trying to reach that wonderful cloud country that rose glowing out of the water.

Hush! what was that? A sigh stole over the surface of the water . . . and then a great blue dragonfly alighted on the edge of the boat, fluttering its wings in a wide circle. Larger and larger grew the circle, and the wings moved so fast that Johannes could see nothing but a mist. Then slowly out of the mist two dark, shining eyes emerged, and a bright slender figure clad in pale blue sat in its place. In its fair hair a wreath of wind flowers was entwined, and gauzy wings, with all the colors of a soap bubble, glittered on its shoulders.

A tremor of joy ran through Johannes. It was a miracle!

"Will you be my friend?" he whispered. . . .

"Yes, Johannes," was the reply, and the voice sounded like the rustling of the reeds in the evening breeze, or the patter of rain on forest leaves.

"By what name shall I call you?" asked Johannes.

"I was born in the cup of a wind flower—call me Windekind."

By this time the sun had set and the moon looked down on the lake with pale, disapproving face. "Never mind, mother, it is all right; I'm sure I can trust him," said Windekind, and then he explained that his mother did not like his talking to mortals, and Johannes must promise never to say a word about him to any one.

This was the novice's initiation into the mysteries of nature, and, when his vow was made, a kiss upon his forehead admitted him to the secrets which are hid from men. Now he understood what the reeds whispered to each other, and the ceremonial dance of the midges no longer perplexed him with its mazy windings.

That night he attended a State ball in a rabbit burrow, and was presented to Oberon, king of the fairies, who took

from his own neck a small golden key and gave it to Johannes. The king told him that it belonged to a golden casket which contained a precious treasure, but where the casket was the king could not tell; "but," he concluded, "only seek diligently, be firm and true, and all will go well with you."

So far from all going well, Johannes discovered soon that this gift was the beginning of sorrows. The disciple of nature found all his new sensibilities jarred and hurt by contact with the rough world. He got into trouble at home and at school, and was continually oppressed with anxiety lest his key should be discovered and taken from him. He had hung it round his neck, and for the time it was safe; but Saturday was bath night, and then what could he do? Friday evening came, and Johannes was sitting by his window thinking and thinking how to hide his treasure, when the air seemed stirred by fluttering wings, the scent of the lilies of the valley breathed around him, and on the window-sill, close to his elbow, sat Windekind. Johannes confided his anxieties about the key, and, after they had spent a merry night in the woods together, they buried it beneath the roots of a wild hedge-rose on the dunes. It was a relief to know that the key was safe, but when Johannes awoke in his bed next morning, and found no sign to reassure his faith, he felt very lonely and desolate, and when next Windekind summoned him he left his home and his father and Presto at his bidding, and never returned to them again.

One day Windekind spoke of the Great Light whence all men come, but whom they now no longer know.

"Do you mean God?" asked Johannes, shyly.

"God?" and Windekind's deep eyes laughed softly. "I know what you think about, Johannes, when you hear

that name. You think of the chair by your bed where you used to say that long evening prayer, of the green silk curtains in your pew at church, of the capital letters in your Bible . . . of discordant singing and foul atmosphere. What you mean by this name, Johannes, is a ludicrous travesty of the truth—a big petroleum lamp instead of the sun."

"But what is the Great Light called then, Windekind, and to whom should I pray?"

"Johannes, if there were an answer to your question you would no more understand it than an earth-worm the music of the spheres. Nevertheless, I will teach you how to pray."

And they flew away together beyond woods and dunes towards a high range of hills behind which lay the sea.

A long, white, downy edge of foam encircled the wide expanse like an ermine border on a blue velvet robe. Johannes gazed in long rapt silence; he felt as if the great portals of the universe were flung wide, and his little soul were absorbed in the first rays of eternity.

"Thus must you pray," said Windekind.

But the human mind has never been able to find complete satisfaction in second causes; mere phenomena, however beautiful and awe-inspiring, fail to satisfy its ultimate desires, desires which are always and everywhere yearning after a knowledge of the power behind phenomena. To attain this men will renounce everything that yields them merely sensuous gratification, in the pursuit of this knowledge they will spurn delights and live laborious days, and, like little Johannes, they will forsake the flower-crowned poet, however dearly he may be loved, to toll with the alchemist and philosopher. In Van Eeden's parable Johannes's next adventure is his meeting with Wistik, the wisest of the kobolds, a little gray-

haired sage, who knew the sacred books of all the woodland creatures, and in one of these books, he whispered to Johannes, the truth stood, and he knew how to find it.

"Listen, Johannes, men have the golden casket, elves have the golden key. He who opens it must be a friend of both. A spring night is the right time, and Robin Redbreast knows the way."

Then Johannes remembered his key and danced for joy, and immediately he rushed away to tell the great news to Windekind.

"Windekind," he called, but he was frightened at the sound of his own voice.

"Windekind!" It sounded like a human voice and a shy night bird started up shrieking with fright. . . . Once more he called, but he dared not repeat the cry—his voice was sacrilege, and Windekind's name a mockery.

For the man who seeks the highest truth the voice of nature has no answer.

To Wistik, however, and his philosophy Johannes gave a very divided allegiance; instead of devoting himself heartily to the search for the book in which the cause of all things was written, plain and distinct, he went and fell in love with a little human girl, and would have spent the rest of his days in dalliance with her had not Wistik spurred his flagging zeal. After one of these reminders he confided to his friend Robinetta the object of his search, and when he spoke of a wonderful book which explained the why and wherefore of everything in the world, she imagined, like the well brought up maiden that she was, that she knew all about it, and promised that next morning Johannes should know too.

The scene which follows is characteristic of the author's attitude towards conventional religion, and that narrow conception of God which limits divine revelation to one age and to one book. In an ugly room with an ugly carpet a number of black-coated men were seated around a table; their voices were harsh and their sharp eyes shone as they gloated over their expected convert. But when Johannes saw the familiar volume, and was informed that therein lay the way of life, he said, sadly, that this could not be the book of his quest, for if so there would be peace and concord among men, and there was not. The gentlemen in the black coats had no arguments to oppose to this statement which, indeed, was unanswerable, therefore one of them, who was Robinetta's father, accused the little sceptic of impiety, and forbade him ever to set foot in the house again. Being thus cast out from men, Johannes turned to his fairy friends, but Wistik only chided him for his "human clumsiness," and the heath-roses said proudly that they did not speak to men.

To minds perplexed by metaphysical subtleties the certainties of the exact sciences afford unspeakable relief. Here we deal with facts, with sensible realities, and even if the horizon is more limited than of old, it is no small comfort to find firm, unshifting ground beneath our feet. Men who are wearied with the search after the unknowable and the infinite gladly take refuge in the study of zoophytes and amœba. The emotional state which accompanies this intellectual attitude is one of pessimism, in which annihilation is regarded as the supreme good and the blind *Wille zu leben* as the great curse of humanity. It is this phase of thought and feeling which is typified in Johannes's last experiment.

As Johannes sat and wept over the loss of Robinetta, a sharp, scornful voice

accosted him. "Well, friend, what are you sitting there and howling about?" and then a little wizened man with thin legs and a big head introduced himself as Pluizer (the Cynic), and said that he knew an astonishing number of things—in fact, almost everything. He knew all about Windekind and Wistik, and acknowledged that they were very clever people—only they didn't exist—and he knew all about the key and the casket, and promised to help Johannes to find out everything for which he had so long sought. He then carried Johannes away from the dunes, and they took up their abode together in a large town.

"Look, how fast all the people are walking," continued Pluizer. "You can see they are all looking for something, can't you? The funny part of it is that hardly one of them knows exactly what he is looking for. When they have searched a while some one comes up to them called Hein."

"Who is that?" asked Johannes.

"O! a good friend of mine, I'll introduce you to him one of these days. Then Hein says, 'Are you looking for me?' But to that people nearly always reply, 'O no, I don't want you.' But Hein answers, 'There is nothing else to find except me!' and they have to be content with Hein."

Johannes understood that he spoke of death. . . .

"Shall I find nothing, Pluizer, nothing else besides—?"

"Yes, you certainly will find Hein some day, but not yet, only keep seeking."

"But the book, Pluizer, you will let me find the book?"

"Now who knows? I haven't said no. We must look and look. We at any rate know what we are looking for, that much Windekind taught us."

Pluizer took Johannes to place him under the tuition of Doctor Cypher. They found the great man alone in his study, busily vivisectioning a rabbit. Jo-

hannes's first impulse was to rush forward and loosen the cords which were cutting the flesh of the poor bunny to the bone, but he felt his hands seized from behind and both Pluizer and the Doctor stared at him in amazement. Pluizer then introduced the new pupil and made excuses for his rude behavior.

"My dear boy," said the Doctor, "you seem too tender-hearted to begin just yet; however this is the first time, and that is always a little trying. But you must understand we are men and not animals, and the welfare of humanity and the advancement of science are well worth a few rabbits."

"You hear," said Pluizer, "Science and Humanity!"

"The man of science," continued the Doctor, "stands high above all other men. But he must renounce the little weaknesses of other men for the sake of one great object, Science. Do you desire to be such a man? Is that your vocation, boy?"

Johannes hesitated. "I want to find the book," he said, "that Wistik told me about."

The Doctor looked puzzled and asked, "Wistik?"

But Pluizer said quickly, "He does wish it, Doctor, I know he does. He seeks the highest wisdom, he wants to know the essential being of things."

Johannes nodded. Yes, so far as he understood that was his aim.

"Well, then, you must be strong, Johannes, not childish and pitiful. In that case I will help you; but consider, it must be all or nothing."

And Johannes helped with trembling hands to bind the loosened cords round the paws of the rabbit.

They left Doctor Cypher's, and Pluizer took his pupil to see the town; they went everywhere, into the narrowest streets where the sky above their heads seemed no wider than a finger's breadth, into great factories full of the hum of machinery, and into small, close rooms where Johannes could hardly

breathe. Nightfall came at last, the tall old houses seemed to lean against one another in weary sleep, and Plulzer told Johannes of all the pain that was endured behind those walls, of the bitter struggle for existence that went on, without pause or pity; he told him everything that was most sordid, base and low, and then grinned with pleasure to see how pale and silent his pupil had become. But in one house brilliant lights were shining, and a procession of carriages stood before the door. Inside a grand ball was going on, and Johannes thought he had never seen anything more beautiful. But Plulzer, who would not leave one pleasant delusion untouched, bade him look a little further than "the end of his nose." He looked round and saw the pale form of Death standing close behind him.

The powerful scene which follows is almost too ghastly for description. Plulzer takes Johannes to the cemetery of the town, and there, with the earthworm for their guide, they explore the graves, they bore through the coffins and crawl over the faces of corpses, while Plulzer improves the occasion by teaching contempt even for the dead. The next day Johannes began his studies with Doctor Cypher, and, though everything he learnt ran to figures, he enjoyed his wonderful lessons in botany and zoology; everything seemed to him so delicately adjusted, so eloquent of plan and design. But Plulzer scoffed at the purposive arrangements of plants which even a bee could destroy, at the waste of seeds and blossoms, and told Johannes that this designer of his must be a precious bungler, for it took men all their time to patch up his bad work. Then the boy's pleasure in his studies died away, and nothing pleased him any more except sleep, where thought and pain were both alike forgotten. He went on working, however, in a dogged, mechanical way, though the more he

sought the light the darker his life became. Memories of Windekind disturbed him, but when he asked Plulzer whether the elf had ever existed he replied, "Never. There is nothing in the world but men and figures." Then Johannes knew that he had been deceived.

Slowly the long winter passed away, and one bright spring morning Doctor Cypher announced that he had to go and visit a sick person, and that Johannes and Plulzer must accompany him. It was a warm sunny day, and from the windows of the train Johannes watched the white butterflies flitting over the flowery meadows and the wide green fields with their plummy grass and grazing cattle. Then suddenly he felt a thrill run through him, for there before his eyes lay the billowy dunes. Next came the woods carpeted with dark-green moss and flecked with patches of sunshine, and that fragrance in the air was the scent of birch saplings and fir needles. The last part of the journey was performed on foot, but as they walked through the wood Johannes could not help looking behind him now and then, for he fancied that he saw the tall, pale figure of Hein, with whom he had grown familiar in the streets of the city. The path became more and more familiar as they proceeded, until, at last, Johannes perceived that they had reached his old home. Slowly they mounted the stairs into his father's room, Hein following close upon their heels, and there behind the bed-curtains lay the earnest, kindly face that he so well remembered. Now it was pale and weak, and no sound escaped the lips but a low moaning. The doctor turned towards his patient, and the boy took up his position by the window and tried to think. But Plulzer would not leave him for a moment in peace; he stood over him and taunted him with his grief, and teased him about his foolish

dreams and his childish imaginations, interrupting himself to repeat, "Hark! the moaning is getting weaker and weaker, and the sooner it is over the better." This illness was a strange case, it seemed, which even Doctor Cypher did not understand. The eyes of the uninvited guest were fixed upon the clock, and the groans came fainter and lower, until Death turned towards the bed and raised his hand—then all was still. The suspense of the last hours of listening was over, and Johannes felt himself falling into a dark and fathomless void. He heard the Doctor quit the room, saying that he left the rest to Pluizer, but still he could not move nor speak. But when he saw Pluizer take a knife and approach the bed, then, at last, he roused himself, and, before the Cynic could reach the body, he had placed himself in front of him. "No," he said, and his voice sounded deep like a man's. He had never opposed Pluizer before; now they met in a mortal struggle, and Johannes learnt how strong his enemy was. The sight of the glittering knives gave him courage; he had seen them before and knew what they meant; his breath began to fail, his eyes grew dim, but still he held on. Then slowly resistance ceased, his muscles relaxed, and he found his hands empty. When he looked up Pluizer had vanished, only Death sat by the bed.

"That was well done, Johannes," he said.

"Will he come back again?" whispered Johannes.

Death shook his head. "Never. He who has once defied him never sees him again."

"And Windekind, shall I see Windekind again?"

"I alone can bring you to Windekind. It is through me alone that you can find the book."

"Then take me with you, now that I

have no one left to me. I don't want to stay any longer."

Again Death shook his head. "You love men, Johannes; you didn't know it, but you have always loved them. You must be a good man; it is a fine thing to be a good man."

Then the tall, dark form walked out into the sunshine, and Johannes laid his head on the bed and wept.

Some hours passed, and still the boy continued to weep, until he heard a clear voice calling, "Child of the Sun, Child of the Sun." That must be Windekind, he thought; no other being had ever called him by that name. Again the voice! sweeter and clearer than ever. He felt constrained to leave the dark room and look out at the beautiful sunset. The evening was peaceful as prayer, and Johannes felt the mood return in which Windekind had bidden him pray. In the distance a speck of azure moved between the trees, and the boy hastened to follow it. But, quickly as he ran, he could not keep up with that flutter of blue, and when he had climbed the last ridge of the dunes there was nothing to be seen but a boat far out at sea. At one end stood Windekind, and something golden glittered in his hand, and at the other end Johannes thought he discerned the dim figure of Death.

As he stood and watched the boat a still more wonderful sight met his gaze. Down the pathway of the water came a human form, treading calmly on the glowing waves; his face was pale and his deep eyes were full of tender sadness.

"Who are you?" asked Johannes. "Are you a man?"

"A man, and more than a man," was the reply.

"Are you Jesus, God?"

"Speak not the names," said the figure. "Once they were holy and pure as priestly garments, and precious as life-giving bread, but they have been

made wash for swine and motley for fools. Name them not, for their meaning has become folly, their sanctity scorn. Those who will know me must rid themselves of names and listen to their own hearts."

"I know you, I know you," said Johannes.

"It was I who made you weep for men, though you understood not your own tears. It was I who gifted you with love, the love that you comprehended not; I have been with you and you have not seen me, I have touched your heart and you have not known me."

"Why can I see you now?"

"Many tears must purify the eyes that are to behold me. And you must not weep for yourself alone, but for me, then you will see me and know me for a familiar friend."

"I do know you, I recognize you, let me be with you."

The Nineteenth Century.

The figure pointed to the crystal boat sailing into the light, and again he stretched his hands towards the east. "That is my way," he said, "where men and misery dwell; yonder is light and happiness and everything you have ever desired. Choose."

Then Johannes turned his gaze slowly from Windekind's glittering form and stretched his hands towards the earnest-eyed figure, and, with his companion, he faced the chill night wind and chose the hard path to the gloomy city where dwell men and misery.

A new lesson had begun, the lesson that

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death.

Margaret Robinson.

THE DECLINE OF THE MEMOIR.

On every hand there are signs that an age of memoirs is upon us. There have been such periods before, when the memoirs of some "person of quality" and the "remains" and "additional remains" of some divine were the most common outputs of the Press. Then biography was a decent mark of respect, less necessary than a tombstone, but of a rank with the mutes and weepers. My lord was scarcely gone from his earthly tenement when his confidential secretary or his domestic chaplain had begun the work, which, in time, came into print with a frontispiece wherein Muses wept over their patron's bier. It was all an innocent convention, and the products, save in some few cases where the subject had made history, have departed into limbo. After all, the chaplain did his work with care and leisure, and the books

had dignity if they lacked interest. To-day we are in a different case. No sooner does a notable man die than his memoir is forthcoming, and the same newspaper which prints an account of his funeral advertises his *Life* in two volumes with photographs. Any one with the smallest pretensions to fame may count on a hastily written biography; and the fashion goes further, for the majority make it their business to forestall the biographer and publish their annals in their lifetime. It is ungenerous to find fault with the good people who keep diaries and long memories, for we owe them many pleasant hours; but the fashion is a dangerous one, and there are sad examples of its degradation. To have known eminent men and women is well, and to remember their sayings better; but more than this is required for the making of a

good book. The truth is that a man's life is now regarded as a commercial asset. While he lives publishers pester him for his memoirs, and after his death there is always some willing scribe for the work. And the great public likes it, and money is made, and every one is satisfied. Soon it will be a sacred duty to one's family to have memoirs ready for publication, and some day an enlightened Chancellor of the Exchequer will exact Estate-duty on this as on other personal assets.

We confess to a catholic liking for memoirs of every sort, provided they be done well. From the small craft of anecdote-books and table-talk, and the elegant brigantines of diaries and collections of letters, to the great three-deckers of a Horace Walpole and a Boswell, we find the class one of the most entertaining in literature. We would sharply distinguish the memoir from the biography. The latter is a stiff and comprehensive work, conducted in a scientific spirit, with excursions in psychology and dissertations on ethics, and, speaking generally, a rounded philosophy. The true biographer must not make an idol of his subject; he must discriminate and criticise; and he must make a laborious search after truth. Hence biography—in this severe sense—is rarely abused, for only the great are its objects, and the man who essays it is, as a rule, a serious and competent person. But the memoir is a lesser work, though not necessarily in avoirdupois weight, for it may run to a dozen volumes. It is biography in undress, the private, domestic, temperamental side of life, depicted from a near point of view, and not with the scientific aloofness of biography. It may take the shape of reminiscences, when, from a record of preferences and impressions, a man's character stands revealed, or its form may be the impersonal memoir published after death. It is a chronicle of little things, since

three parts of life are made up of them, but the little things must have the meaning which Dr. Johnson claimed for them. "There is nothing, Sir, so little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

Let all this be granted, and let a man have the best disposition in the world towards the class; yet the odds are that the modern memoir will prove too much for him. For one thing, there are too many. The smallest notable in any walk of life must have this tribute to his merits, and the garrulity of the memoirist is rarely proportionate to the man's fame. But such books are for the friends, it will be said; the stranger need not read them. True, but the practice corrupts the whole art, and where one good book might be written there will be twenty bad ones. With the great names the case is even worse. All daily newspapers, we understand, keep certain biographies in type for years, to be prepared against a "sudden call;" and it would almost appear as if the publishers accepted a memoir and delayed it till its subject's death, when it might issue with exquisite fitness a wreath for the great man's tomb and a sop to public curiosity. Greatness must be a dreary business for a man nowadays, with the consciousness that a crowd of dull, incompetent biographers will bespatter him with their epithets before the breath is well out of his body. And so come the pithless memoirs which drive better work from the field. The public are in a hurry and must be waited on. While Mr. X's name is still in the papers it wants to know all about his education and his family, his recreations, his taste in wine, his opinions on his contemporaries. The habit is part of the vulgar curiosity which gives personal journalism its vogue; and, indeed, this type of

memoir is simply a systematized and padded journalism. When we read to-day that Lady S. gave a dinner-party, at which Mr. M. was a guest, or that Mr. A. has gone with the Duke of B. to the Hindu Koosh, we are morally certain that some day we will read all about the conversation at the dinner and the sport of the expedition in some gossipy memoir. Here again we could distinguish. All this may be interesting; possibly even of first-class historical worth; our complaint is that the atmosphere of journalism is apt to blur the vital and the trivial in one undistinguished chaos.

The memoir has become too common and too careless, and all grievances culminate in the great complaint that it is rarely literature. For literature involves distinction, conscience and a nice discrimination. Its bounds are very wide, but for that reason its limits, when they appear, are impassable. There is all the difference in the world between the gossip of a Pepys and a Boswell and the chatter of the hack journalist. In the case of men who have filled a great place, there may be an historical interest apart from the artistic. It may be valuable for the future student to know where Metternich or Bismarck dined on some particular night, though the dinner itself was dull. But such cases must be the exceptions; with the common celebrity we want a direct human interest. We would not for the world miss one of Johnson's comments or Pepy's confessions. When the little Secretary to the Admiralty chronicles his repentances and his peccadilloes, the humors of Lady Castlemaine, the excellence of his wife's pasties and the glories of his "new summer black bombazine;" when Swift talks of Sir Patrick and Lady Masham's children, and the dinners at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; when Horace Walpole draws his acrid, unforgettable portraits of the men and women he

knew; when Boswell builds up from scattered anecdotes and broken conversations the most complete figure of a man in English letters,—then we know the value of the "little things" which are the foundation of a memoir. But the detail must be illustrative of character, that illuminating commonplace which cannot be over-valued, or it must be in itself a contribution to the gaiety or edification of the world. Greville gives us the stock-pot of history; Mr. Froude's memoir of Carlyle, with all its faults, has a profound psychological interest; while Sir Algernon West—to descend to lesser instances—has a keen eye for humor and the proper manner. These are instances of detail which is justified; but how often is all justification absent? The shoals of biographies of dull, pompous, priggish people, which have no possible historical interest, and none of the savor of wit, books without form or true matter, sandy deserts of infinite triviality,—what is to be said of them? Even when the subject is all that can be desired and the author capable, the modern custom of haste leaves the work crude and incomplete. Now and then the perfect memoir, such as Sir Henry Cunningham's sketch of Lord Bowen, arises to point the contrast; but for the rest we have our Church dignitaries, our minor travellers, our heroes of the turf and our inconsiderable litterateurs—each in two volumes with portraits.

Some day, as we have ventured to predict, there will be an Estate-duty upon this form of wealth; but till that enlightened hour let us insist upon the fact that memoir-writing is an art and not a catalogue. The memoir is an essay in the science of selection, as difficult a form as any in literature. In our own country it has been done supremely well; all the more reason, therefore, why we should protest against its decline. In the first place let it be restricted in subject. In the

second place, let it be regarded as literature, and not as the casual skimmings of daily journalism. And, above all things, let its matter be compressed and assorted. The touchstone of selection may be as varied as possible, but let the selection be there. A man

(or his biographer) must be, indeed, possessed of extraordinary self-conceit if he thinks that every petty detail of his daily life is of interest to posterity when crudely and boldly set forth. If life "demands an art" so does the memoir.

The Spectator.

A NEW "AULD LANG SYNE."

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Sung at a Concert given by War Correspondents at Bloemfontein, April 18.)

We welcome to our hearts to-night, oh, kinsmen from afar,
 Brothers in an empire's fight and comrades of our war;
 For Auld Lang Syne, my lads, and the fights of Auld Lang
 Syne,
 We drink our cup of fellowship to the fights of Auld Lang
 Syne.

The Shamrock, Thistle, Leek, and Rose, with Heath and
 Wattle twine,
 And Maple from Canadian snows, for the sake of Auld Lang
 Syne;
 For Auld Lang Syne take hands from London to the Line;
 Good luck to those that toll with us since the days of Auld
 Lang Syne.

Again to all we hold most dear in the life we left behind,
 The wives we wooed, the bairns we kissed, and the loves of
 Auld Lang Syne.
 For surely you'll have your sweetheart and surely I'll have
 mine,
 We toast her name in silence here and the girls of Auld Lang
 Syne.

And last to him, the little man who led our fighting line
 From Kabul on to Kandahar, in the days of Auld Lang Syne,
 For Old Lang Syne and Bobs our Chief of Auld Lang Syne,
 We're here to do his work again as we did in Auld Lang Syne.

AN INDEX EXPURGATORIUS OF WORDS.

In a very interesting article on "English, Good and Bad," in last week's Literature, Mr. James R. Thursfield referred to a list of words and phrases which William Cullen Bryant forbade his contributors to use when he was editing the New York Evening Post. The list is quoted by Mr. Fraser Rae in his book, "Columbia and Canada," with no comment save a mention of Bryant's zeal for purity of speech. As it seems probable that many readers of the Academy may like to have such a list by them, it is given below almost in full—a few needless Americanisms being omitted.

WORDS PROHIBITED BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

DO NOT USE	FOR	DO NOT USE	FOR
Above, or over	more than.	En route	
Action	proceeding.	"Esq."	
Afterwards	afterward.	Fall	autumn.
Aggregate	total.	Freshet	flood.
Artiste	artist.	Gents	
Aspirant		Graduates	is graduated.
Auditorium	auditory.	Hardly	scarcely.
Authoress		Humbug	
Average	ordinary.	Inaugurate	begin.
Bagging	capturing.	Indebtedness	a debt.
Balance	remainder.	In our midst	
Banquet	dinner or supper.	Interment	burial.
Beat	defeat.	Issue	question or subject.
Bogus		Item	extract or paragraph.
Call attention	direct attention.	Jeopardize	
Casket	coffin.	Jubilant	rejoicing.
Claimed	for asserted.	Juvenile	boy.
Collided		Lady	wife.
Commence	begin.	Last	latest.
Conclusion	close, end.	Lengthy	long.
Cortège	procession.	Leniency	lenity.
Couple	two.	Loafer	
Decade	ten years.	Loan	to lend.
Debüt		Located	
Decease as a verb		Majority	more, relating to places or circumstances.
Develope	to expose.	Materially	largely.
Devouring element	fire.	Mutual	common.
Donate		Nominee	candidate
Employé		Notice	observe, mention.
Endorse	approve.	Official	officer.
		Oration	
		Over his signature	
		Pants	pantaloons.
		Parties	persons.
		Partially	partly.
		Past two weeks	last two.
		Polters	
		Portion	part.
		Prior to	before.
		Progress	advance or growth.
		Proximity	nearness.
		Quite	prefixed to good, large.
		Residence	house.
		Raid	attack.
		Realized	obtained.
		Record	character or reputation.
		Reliable	trustworthy.
		Repudiate	reject or disown.
		Resident	inhabitant.
		Retire as an active verb	

DO NOT USE	FOR	
Rev.	the Rev.	pre-supposes that the elements forming a whole are separately visible, or are being contemplated. Hence, we think, one would say "the aggregate shipments of tea," but not the "aggregate export of tea."
Rôle	the part.	"Artiste." Vile word, say the purists. But it and other vile words have something to say for themselves. It is said that you may not write:
Roughs		
Rowdies		
Seaboard	sea coast.	
Section	district, region.	
Sensation	noteworthy event.	
Spending	passing.	
Standpoint	point of view.	
Start	begin, establish.	
State	say.	
Stopping	staying or sojourning.	
Subsequently	afterward.	artiste for artist, official for officer, scientist for man of science, lengthy for long,
Taboo		
Take action	act or do.	
Talent	talent, or ability.	
Talented.		
Tapis		
Tariff	schedule of rates.	
Telegrams	despatches.	
The deceased		
Those wanting	those who want.	
Transpire	occur.	
Try an experiment	make an experiment	
Vicinity	neighborhood.	
Wharves	wharfs.	
Which	in "which man."	
Would seem	seems.	

Although this list is interesting and helpful, it may be compared to a bag filled with bones of contention—and these fairly rattle. Take Bryant's first objection: "Above" is not to be used in the sense of "more than." That is to say, we may not write: "There are above a hundred misprints in this edition." Well, we should prefer "more than" a hundred here, but we dare not insist in face of the Bible sentence: "He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once." Swift in "Gulliver's Travels," has "I heard a knocking for above an hour," and there are many other sanctions. For "over" in the sense of "more than" there can be no justification. The objection to "afterwards" for "afterward" seems fantastic. Aggregate is certainly often used when "total," "entire," or "whole" would be more correct. "Aggregate"

as if "artiste," "official," "scientist" and "lengthy" were vulgar *synonyms* for "artist," "officer," "man of science" and "long." They are not; and it is the fact that many words, which appear to be corruptions of other words, are really rude but healthy offshoots, doing special duty. It is idle to contend that "artist" ought to be used in all cases where "artiste" is heard. "Artist" is one of the least precise words in the language, yet, with all its breadth, it can rarely be trusted to indicate the commonest types of artist—persons who are proficient in a small minor art, as distinct from one of the fine arts. A ballet-dancer, a hair-dresser, or a cook, is called an artiste, because in such cases it has been found that "artist" requires a context or a qualification. In short, "artiste" is a useful, if ugly, variation of "artist," and it was improvised to do the work which "artist" failed to do. Coin a better word, if you will, but meanwhile "artiste" has a right to exist. Similarly "official" is not usually used for "officer," as Bryant's injunction implies. There is a difference. An "officer" of the P. & O. Steamship Company is a captain or mate, in uniform; an "official" of the P. & O. Steamship Company is a man from the office, in a tall hat. No doubt journalists write

of "officials" where they might write "authorities;" but there is a general and frequent need to distinguish between the "officer" with his badges and known duties and the "official" with his more disguised and indefinite power. "Scientist" may be a horrid word, but the circumlocution "a man of science" becomes too cumbrous in a scientific age. If people need a word, and their language has it not, they will make one in a hurry. They will adapt a cognate word according to some simple analogy or fancied law, and there is your word—not born, but manufactured. Can you complain that it exists, or expect it to be beautiful? "Lengthy" has been a good deal reviled, and its invention has been charged to Americans. As a matter of fact it is found in Gower. The justification of "lengthy" is that it relieves "long" of certain duties. So many things are long that, in the myriad action and interaction of daily speech, it was found convenient to describe some things as "lengthy." And so we say a "long pole" and a "lengthy argument." You may certainly speak of a long argument; but, if so, do you not imply in a subtle way that the argument, though long, began and ended on one occasion and without interruption? whereas "lengthy" suggests tedium, intermittence. Surely "lengthy annotations" is usually more exact than "long annotations." A "lengthy dispute" conveys more than a "long dispute"—you see that the quarrel rose and sank and wandered until every one was sick of it. It becomes clear that many words rejected of the purists are really rough-hewn corner-stones, filling crevices in the language.

One of Mr. Bryant's most doubtful prohibitions is that of "in our midst." Yet Mr. Thursfield is particularly glad to see this expression banned. Bryant gives no equivalent for "in our midst," and Mr. Thursfield excuses him by say-

ing: "I suppose he thought that any one with the slightest sense of grammar would see that a collective possessive pronoun cannot, in such a collocation, be substituted for a discrete genitive case." This sonorously begs the question. Surely there is room for argument. If we may not say "in our midst," meaning "in the midst of us," it must be wrong to say:

"in our absence" for "in the absence of us,"

"sing your praises" for "sing the praises of you,"

"to his dismay" for "to the dismay of John,"

"on his behalf" for "on behalf of him."

Mr. Thursfield thinks that "in the midst" is always used in the Bible with the genitive case, never with the possessive. Perhaps. But Milton wrote in "Samson Agonistes:

And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief

To show them feats.

On the whole there seems to be no sound objection to "in our midst."

"Average" is, no doubt, abused, but we should defend it in the expression "the average man." It may be used for "ordinary" in many ways which we cannot stop to define. Enough to quote Browning's "Bishop Blougram's Apology:"

We mortals cross the ocean of this world

Each in his average cabin of a life—
The best's not big, the worst yields elbow-room.

What is the objection to "collided?" "Aspirant." "commence." "balance" (for a remainder not expressed in figures) and "claim" (for "assert") are all very properly condemned. "Couple" is too freely used, and "decease" as a verb is abominable. But "endorse" for

"approve" has something to say for itself. You approve a course of action not yet carried out; you endorse an action already completed. In this sense endorse is a good word; nothing could be more significant. But when a speaker rises and says: "I endorse all that Mr. So-and-So says," he justly falls under Bryant's wrath. "Fresbet" for "flood" is a leader-writer's word—a piece of professionalism. "Hardly" and "scarcely" should be discriminatively separated in one's mind. "Leniency" is not required, "lenity being identical in meaning, and nearer to the root. "Partially" is often used when "partly" would be better; and yet there is a distinction which often justifies the selection of "partially." "Partly" suggests that the part indicated is

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known and measured by the writer; "partially" suggests only a general incompleteness. "Record" for "character" or "reputation" is not pleasant.

"Retire," as an active adverb (he was retired on a pension), is not unpardonable in connections where it is almost a technical term. "Rôle" was adopted because it was needed; and *métier* was brought in to reinforce it. It is our own fault that these words are rife. "Transpire" has never been defended; and "vicinity" seems to us to be the least useful word in the language. "Would seem" is a curious phrase. It is milder than "it seems;" but instead of "it would seem" write, if possible, "it almost seems." "Try an experiment" is nonsense. "Subsequently" is original sin.

FREEDOM'S SLAVE.

Shake the poisoned dust of cities from your feet,
Shun the vice, the masquerade, and the veneer,
Where all-devouring envy sits at meat,
And the wealthy greets the beggar with a sneer;
Leave behind the sullen stillness of the Post,¹
The death-in-life that turns the heart to stone,
Be yourself the guest, let Nature be your host,
And seek for hope where cities are unknown!

Cinch the saddle to the cayuse till he squeals,
Sling on the flour, the bacon, and the tea;
Lift the halter, go and take what fortune deals,
And breathe the magic air of liberty;
Out, out, beyond the farthest track of man,
Where his foot has not defiled the virgin sod,
To the land that was before the race began,
To the chosen amphitheatres of God!

Ah, to watch the ranges lifting through the haze,
The nameless river brawling by his bars;
To forget the names and numbers of the days,
To sleep beneath the winking of the stars;

¹ I.e., trading-post.

To see the moon reflected from the lake,
The silent forest dreaming at its rim,
The yellow light when dawn begins to break,
And the glitter of the heavens growing dim!

The squirrel and the porcupine, the owl,
The wolverine and beaver are your kin,
And the echo of the dog-wolf's dismal howl
Is your serenade when dusk is drawing in;
For the mountain-tops are canopied in mist,
The forest-lakes are bluer than the sky,
Nature's freeman, go and wander where you list,
Taste the joy of living once before you die!

The gale that tears the balsam from his place,
And whips the treble chatter of the streams,
Will bear your weary spirit into space,
And lull you to the passage of your dreams;
And the breeze that shakes the aspen from her sleep,
When the spangled veil of night is plucked away,
Will waft it once again from out the deep,
To the doing and the living of a day.

Are you hungered? Go and seek the giant moose,
Full-fed and sleek become since summer's prime,
Where he harbors in the gloomy belt of spruce,
And his lordly flesh will serve you for the time;
Or choose among the fatted caribou,
That score the glossy velvet from their tines;
Do you thirst? A river's headspring wells for you,
Beneath the purple shadow of the pines.

When the ptarmigan are calling from the fells,
And the zephyr whispers idly to the leaves,
Their voices are the story Nature tells,
The meshes of the trammel that she weaves;
For each sound will leave a record on the ear,
And each sight will stamp an imprint on the brain,
A treasure-hoard of memory to revere
When you tread the artificial world again.

When your latest fire in camp has smouldered low,
And your last march to the trading-post is done,
Go and tell the shackled cities what you know
Of the secrets of the limitless Unknown;
Go and fill the old accustomed groove again,
Listen blankly to the babble of the crowd,
And perchance 'twill bring to mind the lost refrain
Of the mountain-torrent calling you aloud.

Leonard S Higgs, Saturna Island, British Columbia.

LADIES AT THE FRONT.

Admirers of the fascinating Mrs. Rawdon Crawley will remember that some of the most interesting episodes in a remarkable career took place at Brussels while the British army was on its way to the front. History, indeed, repeats itself in incongruous, if analogous, situations, and South Africa under present circumstances would appear to offer many features of resemblance to the Belgian capital in 1815. Then, as now, a brilliant train of camp-followers hung round the skirts of the army and contributed not a little to the embarrassment of the warriors when duty tore them away. "Numbers of English families—some drawn thither out of solicitude for relations in the army, others out of simple curiosity and love of excitement, thronged the hotels and lodging-houses. The town was crowded with fashionable non-combatants." This sentence, taken from Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Wellington," might have been written by any correspondent at the Cape to-day. For the novelist in search of situations, society under such conditions presents many attractive objects for study. Becky Sharp is an immortal type, and repays study under all skies, but wars after all are not waged to supply romance-writers with copy, and the Commissariat Department does not exist to feed "persons travelling merely for health or recreation." These considerations seem at length to have forced themselves upon the notice of Sir Alfred Milner, who, not too soon, has called attention to them in a despatch which certainly does not err on the side of severity. It is gratifying to notice that "Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief fully concurs in the views expressed in it." Sir Alfred Milner, however, as a bach-

elor, is in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility purely domestic, and may therefore act for the public good without the semblance of contravening his precepts by his own example. We cannot but regret that Lord Roberts himself has not recognized that in this respect, to use the words of Burke, "his situation should have been the preceptor of his duty."

The growing crowd of adventurers and pleasure-seekers doubtless counts its Joe Sedleys in inconvenient numbers, but we are not concerned with these worthies. Their woes will not deeply affect their fellow-men in the fighting line. The spectacle of these would-be sight-seers foiled in their ignoble pursuit of the sensational, and lining the hither bank of the Orange River like the souls who were deemed unworthy to cross the Styx, may excite ridicule for a day, but the matter is very different when the offenders are women. Their presence at the front constitutes a problem so thorny, and a scandal so grave, that it was high time some attempt should be made to meet and deal with it. It is not the Becky Sharps who form the real embarrassment. They may be trusted to shift for themselves. It is the arrival of the virtuous and sentimental wives whose presence is daily doubling the anxieties of overworked husbands and halving their rations. The mordant fancy of the foreign satirist could never have invented a situation so cruelly apt for caricature as that devoted lady's, who, repulsing all blandishments, still clings to her seat at Norvals Pont until the unhappy transport officer finds no way out of the difficulty but to shunt the car itself on to a siding. According to an experienced correspondent, this indecent

spectacle has only fired others, who are awaiting its success in order to attempt similar exploits themselves. This is the way in which many women of the British upper classes are content to play their part at a great national crisis! It is barely a year ago that the English press teemed with comments far from complimentary on the extravagant outbursts of New York society over the apotheosis of Admiral Dewey and his sailors, but the harm effected by that ridiculous spectacle was limited to its personal results. There was no interference with military operations, and the policy of the United States was in no way hampered because certain young ladies made themselves and their victims a laughing-stock. Though morally the fruit of the same sickly sentimentalism and love of notoriety, this descent of English society on the shores of South Africa is far worse. It began with the advent of a few soldiers' wives who found means of making themselves useful, and thus furnished an excuse for an excursion otherwise inexcusable. The dribblets which trickled in at first have now swelled to a stream of unmanageable volume. Many members of the crowd cannot even advance the argument of legitimate anxiety for a particular warrior; their interest would appear to be purely general. To appeal to the latter on patriotic grounds would be palpably a waste of words. To these patriotism is demonstrated by joining in the chorus of the "Absent-Minded Beggar," as they understand loyalty to mean the mobbing of a Prince at a fashionable watering-place. But there must be a certain number of well-meaning and devoted women who have set an example the results of which they now deplore. Do you imagine that they are making an arduous campaign easier by impeding the operations of those who have a hard enough task

to perform in keeping the army in supplies? or will a husband fight better for knowing his wife is in touch with the enemy? We believe that many ladies of this class will withdraw directly the hysterical impulse of the moment passes away and leaves their mental eye-sight for a moment unaffected.

But the whole situation is one for which we foresee no substantial alleviation in individual and voluntary subjection to the dictates of good taste. The disease is too widespread, and this rush to the front is only a particularly repulsive exhibition of the general outburst of unhealthy sentimentalism for which the war has afforded an opportunity. This sickly exotic, matured by the Kiplingism of the music halls and cherished by idle hands, bids fair to obscure the vigorous and sturdy brother which is spreading its roots throughout the Empire. So long as it flourished in the fashionable quarters of London alone it did little harm, transplanted to the Colonies it poisons the atmosphere and must be hewed away. The effect of its presence on the Dutch can be nothing but injurious. We were ready enough to find fault with the Boers, whose habits are patriarchal, for taking their women to the front, but for the English upper class, whose habits may be described by any other adjective than that, to imitate them is inexcusable. Mrs. Cronje, in her husband's laager, gave evidence of a kind of squalid heroism, but Mrs. Gadsby, seated on the shores of Orange River, could not pose as a heroine even in transpontine melodrama. It is deplorable enough that the presence of certain "Society" ladies in beleaguered towns should have fired others with a spurious enthusiasm. The latter have not the excuses which the former may allege. There are certain situations in life, as there are certain cases in court,

from which ladies, if they intrude, should be ordered out. If, having subjected themselves to such an intima-

tion, they fail to comply with it, the world at large will know what opinion to form of their conduct.

The Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company are to publish Mr. Julian Ralph's "Towards Pretoria."

The Century Company announces "The Century Library of Music," which is to comprise twenty volumes, and is to have Mr. Paderewski as editor-in-chief.

Anthony Hope's new story, "Quis ante," which the Frederick A. Stokes Company are to publish next autumn, is not to appear serially, as most of the author's previously published stories have done.

Some English teachers complain bitterly that the reading of Mr. Kipling's "Stalky & Co." by their boys greatly increases the difficulty of maintaining discipline and a respect for school regulations.

A good deal of valuable material has been promised toward the establishment of a Ruskin museum at Conlston; and a loan exhibition, illustrating the life and work of Ruskin, is to be held there in July, August and September of this year.

Cowper's centenary was commemorated in a quiet way in England; but Dryden's bi-centenary, which occurred May 1st, passed without the slightest recognition. The Academy explains the omission on the ground that, outside

of the cultivated classes, no interest is now taken in Dryden's poems, while Cowper's "John Gilpin," at least, is still a classic among children.

A Scottish innkeeper is reported to have summed up the late Duke of Argyll in this single effective sentence:—

His Grace is in a verra deeficult po-seetion whatever. His pride of intellect will no' let him associate with men of his ain birth, and his pride of birth will no' let him associate with men of his ain intellect.

A discovery of interesting Tennyson manuscripts has been made at Sheffield, consisting of familiar letters from Tennyson and Arthur Hallam to W. H. Brookfield, whom Tennyson addresses as "old Brooks;" together with parts of the manuscripts of the "Lotus Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott."

The New York Evening Post quotes the following interesting bit about Wordsworth, from a letter recently written to an American friend by the venerable Aubrey de Vere, who is one of the few men now living who can recall Wordsworth as a personal friend:

I remember Wordsworth once saying to me, "When I was young I thought much of being remembered; now that I am old and must soon embark upon the great ocean of eternity, I do not ask how many are those who stand upon the shore and can still keep my little pinnacle in sight. My hope is

only that so long as my poetry is read, its moral influence may prove a salutary one."

The desire to possess a quick-working memory is common to mankind, and an appeal is made to it in the Rev. S. C. Thompson's "A Mental Index of the Bible and a Cosmic Use of Association," which the Funk & Wagnalls Co. publishes. The book is a curious one, and to the wholly uninitiated its pages present a weird aspect, but, after due consideration, the plan explains itself. The main points in the different books of the Bible, taken in their order, are arranged in groups by means of key-words for locking them in the memory.

Every school teacher, and probably every small scholar, will take pleasure in two compact and finely-illustrated little volumes called "Great Artists," by Jennie Ellis Keysor. The two books, which are to be followed by others, one hopes, give entertaining and thoughtful accounts of Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo, Durer, Van Dyck, Reynolds and Bonheur, written in a bright, attractive, and markedly intelligent way. The accompanying illustrations, of which there are many, are exceedingly well chosen, and give a broad idea of the scope of the work done by each painter. As gift books for children, to be used outside school, these are charming. Educational Publishing Co.

Henrik Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken," which has occasioned so much difference of opinion in England, is published in this country in a convenient and attractive form by Herbert S. Stone & Co. Among the many meanings which have diligently been read into it by the critics, one at least is clear: Ibsen has raised the question, never perhaps put more plainly, as to

what constitute the rightful demands which "Art" may make upon the individual soul, and yet leave the soul richer rather than bereft. Whatever else Ibsen may have meant, a certain inherent selfishness of the often so-called "artistic" nature has been, for those who will so discern it, mercilessly laid bare in the character of the sculptor, Rubek.

A writer in the London Daily News gives the following description of the personal appearance of M. Rostand:

The forehead now loftier than ever, the features are perhaps more pinched, and there is a wrinkle here and there. A cigarette between the fingers always. A nervous, tired, anxious air at all times, the shy look of the man who is self-centred, or, rather, always preoccupied with some ideal. A soft, low voice which in its rare moments rises rich and full, eloquent above others. No gestures. Only now and then a weary wave of the hand, as the fine head rolls from one side of the Voltaire chair to the other. An extreme, a polished courtesy. Manners which go better with the Louis XV cartel than with the Louis XVI furniture. In the sleepy eyes occasional flashes which show who there is behind this mask of extreme fatigue.

An adventure story in which Danton figures as a friend to the hero, and Robespierre as a deliberate and subtle enemy, is "Robert Tournay," by William Sage. It is an exciting tale of exciting times, and historical scenes are graphically reproduced. Tournay is a well-educated young fellow, not of the nobility, and the heroine, Edmé de Rochefort, a beautiful girl of the aristocracy, who, before the story is half finished, is in the painful situation of owing her life to a man whom she considers little more than a servant. Tournay's imprisonment gives a chance for striking pictures of the prison life of those who are await-

ing the summons to the guillotine, and it is to Mlle. de Rochefort's ingenuity and awakened loyalty that the hero himself owes his escape. It is a decidedly readable book. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A group of twelve little stories, which deal exquisitely with the sweeter and finer sides of life, is "*Tales for Christmas and Other Seasons*," a collection of François Coppée's sketches, charmingly translated by Myrta L. Jones. In so far as the shade of evil crosses these pictures at all, it is to render the colors of truth, gentleness, fidelity and sacrifice more clear and more haunting in their impression. Many of the stories are of children, and reveal not only the affection between father and child, but the latent fatherly quality in the hearts of seemingly prosaic, middle-aged bachelors. The contrast between a father and a bachelor is strikingly shown in the first and perhaps best of these tales, "*The Lost Child*," which is a genuine Christmas story, told with all the simplicity and the delicate sympathy which one would expect of Coppée. Little, Brown & Co.

There is a vast deal of plain, practical common sense in Eliot Gregory's "*The Ways of Men*," which the Scribners publish. It is clever, bright, sympathetic, decidedly enjoyable, and it hits hard sometimes. There are thirty-three short papers in all, on every variety of topic; the grave ones sometimes prove to be gay, and the gay have a nimble trick of turning out to be refreshingly grave. The folk who spend most of their time in climbing up genealogical trees, the travellers who err in respect to good manners, the humble people who deserve better of the world than they are allowed to get, the last play and the latest fad of the "four hundred," all these re-

ceive the "Idler's" shrewd consideration, and are well worth the consideration of the rest of the world.

To write with accurate and logical intelligence, and from personal knowledge as well, concerning Grant's campaign in Mississippi, is not possible to many. It is a contribution of absorbing interest which Professor John Fiske has made to war literature in his "*The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War*." The book is not one of a series on the war, but an independent narrative of the turning of the Confederate left flank, from before Fort Donelson to Nashville. With unusual animation of style and directness of diction, a graphic use of striking incidents and memorable utterances, and a clear perception of the relative significance of facts, it is a strong book. Some twenty war maps, from sketches drawn by Prof. Fiske, add greatly to its value. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A striking figure in Harrison Robertson's "*Red Blood and Blue*" is that of the patrician of the patricians, James York Torrance, the father of its spirited and high-minded heroine. His domination is contested, however, by one of his daughter's lovers, he of the "red blood" only, one Andrew Outcalt, who, as a lad, used to shoot quail near the Torrance land. The blue-blooded lover, who has eaten the quail rather than shot it, finds his determined playmate outstripping him, in the race for the esteem of the world, by force of courage and kindly common sense, but the race for Victoria's love is less easily won. The story, which is entertaining and effective, is brought almost up to date by the dramatic meeting of the two rivals before Santiago, and the heroine, at least, does full justice, in the outcome, to the bravery of both her lovers. Charles Scribner's Sons.